WORLD REVIEW

January - February

1949

London 1949

KRAUS REPRINT
Nendeln/Liechtenstein
1970

Reprinted by permission of
HULTON EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS LTD., London

KRAUS REPRINT
A Division of
KRAUS-THOMSON ORGANIZATION LIMITED
Nendeln/Liechtenstein
1970

Printed in Germany
Lessingdruckerei Wiesbaden

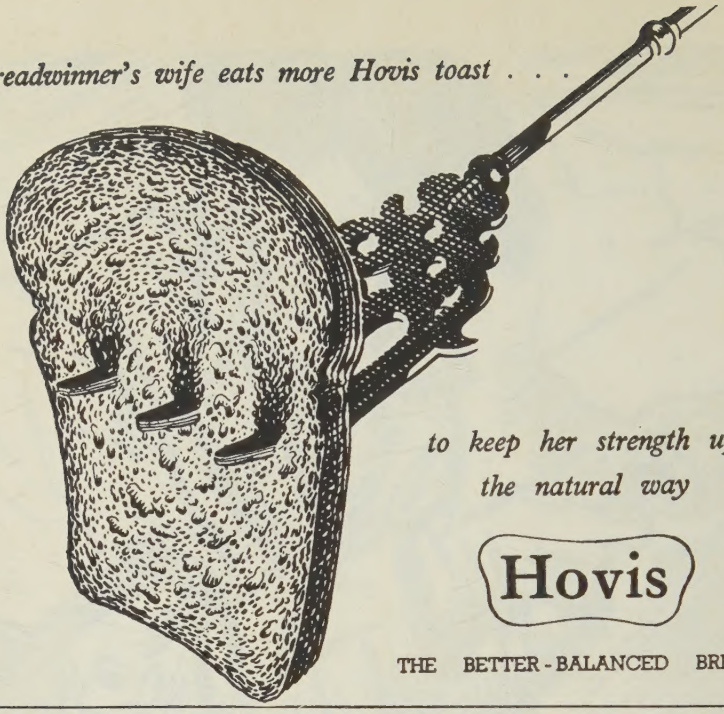
The glow of good health is the finest defence against winter weather. The body, given sufficient supplies of 'protective' vitamin A and 'sunshine' vitamin D, is helped to resist infection from colds and influenza. In these austere days it is well to reinforce the normal supply of vitamins A and D by taking Crookes Halibut Oil each day. Do this all through the winter, and you will face any weather with confidence.

CROOKES HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

C47

The breadwinner's wife eats more Hovis toast . . .



to keep her strength up
the natural way

Hovis

THE BETTER-BALANCED BREAD

They *look* fine

They *feel* fine

—MUMMY GIVES THEM

Lixen

THE GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE
In bottles - 2/5½, 4/4
LIXEN LOZENGES
for the children, Fruit flavoured in bottles 2/2
From Chemists only
It's an Allenburys Product
Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

L620

BE A SUCCESSFUL WRITER!

Take up now this ideal spare-time work. For 27 years Mr. Frank Potter, Principal of the London College of Authorship, has trained average men and women to earn spare-time incomes of £10 a week upward by his personal Postal Tuition in Article and Story Writing. Why not YOU?

¶ Learn just what things Editors want, how to write them, how to sell. Test free the most fascinating and paying spare-time work of this journalistic age.

¶ Write To-day for free Book and learn the Secrets of Successful Authorship. Write ('Free Book W.R., 46 please' on a postcard will do):

The London College of Authorship
(Dept. W.R.46), 3, Parkshott, Richmond, S.W.

Stories Wanted

We revise according to the Scientific System of fiction-writing and submit to Editors on a 15 per cent. of sales basis. Unsuitable stories are returned with reasons for rejection

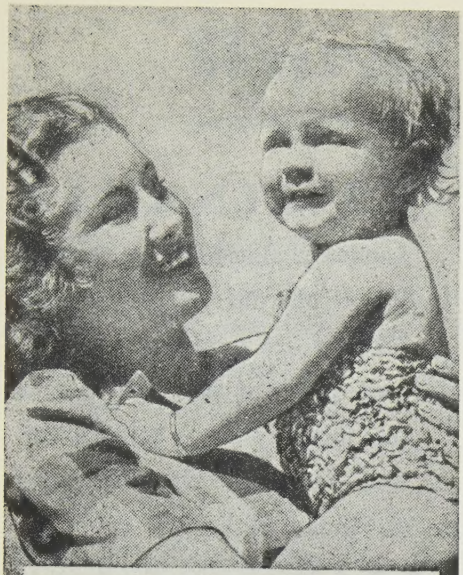
BM/BOOK

Mention this Periodical

The Sign of SCIENCE and SALES

BRITISH INSTITUTE of FICTION-WRITING SCIENCE LTD

REGENT HOUSE · REGENT ST · LONDON · W·1·



Everyone has someone worth saving for

INVEST IN NATIONAL SAVINGS

Issued by the National Savings Committee

BALKAN SOBRANIE CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS

THIS ENGLAND...

No. 14

THERE is no excuse for keeping pets in hard times—and we need no excuse. They are a part of our English life. They take us out or they keep us in. They demand a new rug or require a new chair by a roaring fire. They guide our lives and enable us to enjoy life when all other things are conspiring to thwart our enjoyment. They go with that *Balkan Sobranie* which we might deny ourselves save that we remember it takes less from our purse because we need it more rarely —so satisfying is its long cool smoking. So, let sleeping dogs lie; and fill up with *Balkan Sobranie*.

SOBRANIE LTD. LONDON. E.C.I.

Could you pass this language test?

Many people who can speak a foreign language get a rude shock when they go abroad. They find they can't understand a word that foreigners say to them.

Why is this? It is because they have not learnt the language by hearing it *spoken*. The Linguaphone Method overcomes this handicap from the first lesson. Sitting in comfort you listen to the Linguaphone records on your gramophone. Expert native teachers speak with the very same accent and intonation you hear abroad. Following their conversation in your illustrated key book, you pick up the language quickly and easily. Almost before you realize it you gain fluency in speech, reading and writing and a working knowledge of grammar and idiom.

The Linguaphone Method is thorough as well as simple. For examinations—business—holidays abroad—it gives you accurate and ample knowledge. Accept the offer made below, and test it thoroughly in your own home.

COMPLETE COURSE SENT FOR 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL IN YOUR HOME

Post the coupon below for free 26-page book which gives full particulars of Linguaphone.

COURSES IN 28 LANGUAGES including French, German and Spanish

LINGUAPHONE FOR LANGUAGES

(Dept. X10)

Name .....
(block caps)
Address .....

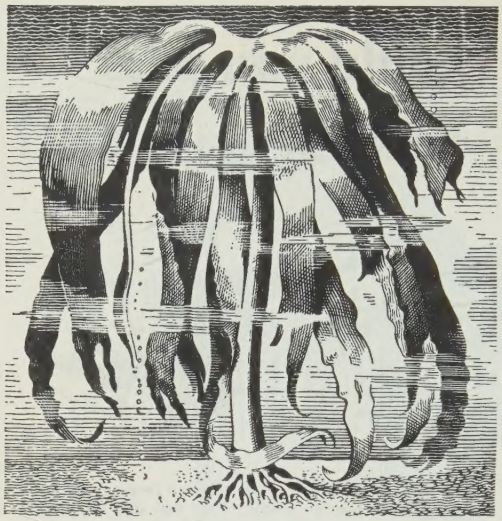
.....

To the Linguaphone Institute, (Dept. X.10), Linguaphone House, Regent Street, London, W.1

Please send me, post free, your 26-page book about the quick, new and easy Linguaphone way of learning languages.

I am interested in the .....

language(s) for ..... *purposes.*
(I have/have no gramophone)



LAMINARIA

Laminaria cloustoni is a seaweed found on the Scottish coasts. From it are produced Alginates used to form gels and viscous solutions of value in many industrial processes, pharmaceuticals and foodstuffs.

ALBRIGHT & WILSON LTD

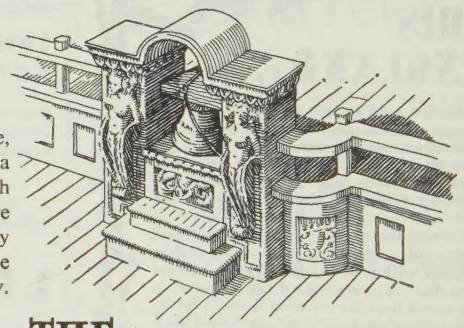
CHEMICALS

ALGINATES

TBW15

Belfries

Mounted on or near the forecastle, lavishly decorated belfries were a feature of larger ships from the 16th century onwards. Ships bells were used in all types of ships as they were the only means of making the time known to the ship's Company.



THE "THREE CASTLES"

CIGARETTES

20 for 3/10

MANUFACTURED BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

TT2235

World Review

Incorporating Review of Reviews January 1949

CONTENTS

		PAGE
EDITORIAL		7
THE TRAVELLER	*A Poem by Kathleen Raine*	8
THE REVIVAL OF EUROPE	*Herbert Read*	9
THE OUTLOOK FOR 1949	*Roy Harrod*	15
FACES UNMASKED		20
THE PATTERN OF ASIA	*Dorothy Woodman*	22
A MESSAGE FROM GARRY DAVIS		27
JOURNEY TO SOUTH AFRICA	*Edward Hulton*	29
THE RUHR COMES TO LIFE	*John Midgley*	33
WHY NOT A DIRECTORS' UNION?	*Maj.-Gen. Sir Edward Spears*	37
THE MUSIC OF VAUGHAN WILLIAMS	*Scott Goddard*	40
THE PANTOMIME SEASON	*Richard Findlater*	44
THE STATE OF THE NATION (3) AN INQUIRY INTO THE BRITISH OPERA:		
Introduction	*Prof. E. J. Dent*	50
The State of Opera Today	*Ivor Jones*	53
A MEETING WITH ROSSELLINI	*Derek Monsey*	58
AUTHORS OLD AND NEW: (11) FRANZ KAFKA	*Dr. J. P. Hodin*	61
SMOKE	*A Short Story by Robert Payne*	65
FIFTY YEARS AGO		70
NEW BOOKS: Reviewed by *Christopher Hollis, M.P.; Max Beloff; Father F. C. Copleston; Dr. C. E. M. Joad; George Lowther; Rev. E. F. F. Hill; Muriel Spark; Stefan Schimanski; Robert Payne; D. S. Savage; Henry Treece; John Atkins; Iain Hamilton; Alex Comfort*		71
CROSS-SECTION		85

JANUARY 1949. PROPRIETORS: HULTON PRESS LTD. 43 SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.4. CEN. 7400. *Published Monthly. Subscription rates: Inland 20s. 6d. p.a., 10s. 3d. for six months; Foreign 20s. p.a., 10s. for six months; Canada and Newfoundland, 19s. 6d. p.a., 9s. 9d. for six months; U.S.A. $4.50 p.a.*

"Yes! I'm on the CO-OP committee"

I've taken a keen interest in Co-operative trading since I was a lad. It's FAIR—equal shares all round. It's PRACTICAL—see how it has grown! And it's COMMON SENSE—you and your fellow-members own the shop and get its trading surplus as dividend. The Co-op is democratic: you elect the Management Committee—and if you don't like the way they run things you elect a new one. The same with the C.W.S., which supplies the CO-OPS and makes every household need: it is owned by the retail Societies, who vote into office its Board of Directors. And the CO-OPS get the C.W.S. trading surplus, which makes *your* dividend higher than it would otherwise be.

So you can't tell ME that C.W.S. goods don't cut the cost of living—I KNOW they do.

an announcement of the
CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY Ltd.

GN1874

BY APPOINTMENT
OVALTINE MANUFACTURERS TO H.M. THE KING

The
Cup that Cheers

Drink delicious
Ovaltine
and
Note the Difference in your Nerve-Strength and Outlook

AT any time of the day a warm, comforting cup of "Ovaltine" will do much to renew energy, strengthen the nerves, and brighten your outlook. "Ovaltine" is all concentrated nourishment derived from Nature's best foods.

"Ovaltine" also at bedtime, will greatly help you to ensure a good night's sleep. Its easily digested nutriment will assist you to relax, soothe the tired body, and quickly provide the conditions most favourable to peaceful, restorative sleep.

Because of its outstanding qualities "Ovaltine" is the food beverage most widely used in Hospitals and Nursing Homes throughout the world.

P674A

Editorial

GARRY DAVIS is the first self-styled 'Citizen of the World'. Only a few years ago he flew an American bomber over Germany; now he has given up his American nationality to propagate in a less violent but equally spectacular manner his crusade for a world government.

It is not difficult to follow his example. You just return, as he did, your passport, and join the Brotherhood of Men. The only difficulty lies in the fact that this Brotherhood does not exist. Davis's aspirations are premature; his technique is probably impractical. But in a world of fear, in the epoch of the Veto, his demonstration is a remarkable manifestation of an indomitable spirit that refuses to bow to what may all too easily be considered the inevitable.

In France many prominent people have given Davis their support. We print his Message in this issue because we want him to know that in England, too, he is not alone and that we respect, at this critical moment, his symbolic attempt to stir to positive action the conscience of the world.

The year that has just ended did not show much of it and it has brought no relief. The Americans disliked and distrusted the Russians (or vice versa) as deeply at the beginning as at the end. And if, at the moment, the great tension between East and West seems to have lessened, it is only because other new and equally great problems have appeared on the horizon. The revolt of Asia has broken out in all its savagery; the prospect of a new German military recovery brings fear and insecurity to all her neighbours. As far as Germany is concerned, it is clear that certain restraints within the framework of her recovery are necessary; but it is equally necessary, for the unity of Western Europe at least, that other nations, too, submit themselves to similar restraint, on their own sovereignty. This, indeed, is the burden of Garry Davis's fight. It is the problem that faces us in the coming year—and for many years to come.

As for the year that has gone, it is always pleasant, though useless, to look back.

Who was the Man of the Year? Probably President Truman—because he made nonsense of Sartre's conviction that man had no chance to survive.

What was the Play of the Year—or one of the plays of the Year? Sartre's *Crime Passionel*—because it portrays the conflict of loyalties that distinguishes our time.

And the Book of the Year? The most typical, at any rate, was *The Loved One*, by Evelyn Waugh—because it is so much a product of our spiritual wilderness.

The Wisest Decision of the Year is beyond doubt. It was the ruling of the Norwegian Parliament not to award the Nobel Prize for Peace. It is on the basis of this realisation that we shall have to build if we wish to succeed.

KATHLEEN RAINE

THE TRAVELLER

A hundred years I slept beneath a thorn
Until the tree was root and branches of my thought,
Until white petals blossomed in my crown.

A thousand years I floated in a lake
Until my brimful eye could hold
The scattered moonlight and the burning cloud.

Mine is the gaze that knows
Eyebright, asphodel, and rose.
I have seen the rainbow open, the sun close.

A wind that blows about the land,
I have raised temples of snow, castles of sand
And left them empty as a dead hand.

A winged ephemerid I am born
With myriad eyes and glittering wings
That flames must wither, or waters drown.

I must live, I must die,
I am the memory of all desire,
I am the world's ashes and the kindling fire.

THE REVIVAL OF EUROPE

HERBERT READ

THE often quoted, and generally misquoted, crack about the Nazi who always reached for his revolver when he heard the word 'culture' is worth recalling in its proper context now that the passions of the war have subsided. It occurs in an enormously popular play by Hans Johst published in 1933 and dedicated to Adolf Hitler. The hero of the play is a certain Leo Schlageter, a martyr in the Nazi mythology, and the first scene opens with a discussion between Schlageter and another student who had been officers in the First World War and nine years later find the peace little to their liking. They look back on the heroic days of national unity and contrast them with the political bickerings and idealistic theorising of an uneasy peacetime. Words, words, words! Marxism, Liberalism, Fascism, Bolshevism, Democracy; Liberty, Fraternity, Equality; Beauty; Moral Values. . . . And then comes the famous speech—not very easy to translate, but this is the sense: 'To hell with such tripe . . . And make a clean job of it . . . If I hear the word culture—I take the safety-catch off my Browning.'

One of these words has dropped out of the picture (at least, temporarily), but I can well imagine two students in a similar situation today, three years after another war, discussing the same problems with even greater impatience. And they would not necessarily be German students. Political confusion in France; bribery and corruption in England; inflation in the United States; despotism in Spain; civil war in Greece; riots in Italy; a police state in Russia—it is all much worse than it was in 1927 when Schlageter and his friend were discussing the situation; and over all there now hangs, like the Sword of Damocles, the threat of the atomic bomb. Rather remoter, but even grimmer, are skies dark with dust—deserts are on the march.

Saviours of Society

No longer capable of belief in any of the old discredited ideals, the young people of today (or the not-so-young, if their minds are still supple) are apt to turn in one or the other of two directions. They may transfer their faith from the abstract to the particular, from the ideal to the personal. They give their allegiance to some would-be saviour of society, undeterred by the thought of Sedan or Stalingrad. That an intellectual of André Malraux's integrity should find it possible to follow this course suggests to me that we should not be too hasty in dismissing it as hopelessly illiberal. It has the merit of realism—a word which, however, is usually a mask for irrationalism. There is no element of realism in the other direction followed by so many young people today—the direction in which Aldous Huxley leads. This is 'the tiresome whole-time job of seeking

first the kingdom of God'—the way of mortification, of self-purification, of 'integration of the personality in the impersonal spirit'. That such a way of life need not imply an indifference to mundane problems of food and population is shown by Mr. Huxley's recent contributions to this periodical. Mr. Huxley, and the mystics associated with him in California, claim to be practical men. They argue that the world can be saved only by better men—men free from egotism. And such men, they then say, are not God-given: they earn their godliness by arduous training and 'athleticism of the spirit'. 'You must be born again,' cries Gerald Heard. 'You begin by being a servant of God and finally you may pass into an even higher state. . . .' And such a scheme of things, he concludes, is curiously naturalistic, and is the only adequate answer to our present problem: 'How to find men adequate in character and powers to the enormous task which our sanctionless society (capsizing because its means have overbalanced its knowledge of ends, its physics, its psychology) now presents. The mystic may be too hopeful, too concerned with an attempt to salvage the unsalvable, but he, put beside the ordinary economically obsessed "secular" or "religious", is a realist and a daring man of action.'[1]

André Malraux would certainly claim that his hero, General de Gaulle, is a realist and a daring man of action, and perhaps he would claim that he is also a mystic. But there is a wide difference between the mysticism which Aldous Huxley and Gerald Heard *practise*, and the mysticism which General de Gaulle *professes*. The General's arduous training has been confined to the Army, and any 'athleticism of spirit' he, as a good Catholic, no doubt leaves to his spiritual advisers. The Vedantists are a missionary order: they believe that a change of heart, even within such religious institutions as the Catholic Church, must precede any effective social change. They would say that the General is trying to take a short cut which will only lead him deeper into the bog. However clearly he himself may have seen the light ('the Clear Light of the Void beyond', Mr. Huxley calls it), nevertheless he is relying on a political and a military organisation made up of ordinary unredeemed egotists, and these will sooner or later let him down. The General might find consolation in that qualifying phrase—sooner or later. He might argue with Browning's Prince Hohensteil-Schwangau (his own predecessor, Napoleon the Third):

> I think that to have held the balance straight
> For twenty years, say, weighing claim and claim,
> And giving each its due, no less no more,
> This was good service to humanity,
> Right usage of my power in head and heart,
> And reasonable piety beside.

But the General is not, I assume, so opportunist. His vision is more apocalyptic; it is also more nationalistic. And of nationalism the world has had enough.

The Spectre of Nihilism

A real and inescapable dilemma exists between a short-term policy of 'holding the balance straight', and a long-term policy of seeking, and finding, the Kingdom of God. It is only from a superficial point of view that we can describe this dilemma as a choice between realism and idealism. Any faith in a better world is idealistic, so the choice is really between some form of idealism and a pessimistic nihilism. It is this word 'nihilism' which better than any other describes

[1] *Vedanta for the Western World*. Edited by Christopher Isherwood. *Allen & Unwin, 1948.*

the spiritual disease of our time. It is not belief in this or that dogma—beliefs are open to argument, if only to the argument of force. Against an absence of belief in anything, there is no argument. The nihilist is indifferent to everything, even to life. He may therefore be a brave man—he has nothing to lose. But condemned to live, he is a desperate man, and it was from that desperation that Fascism and Nazism drew their strength.

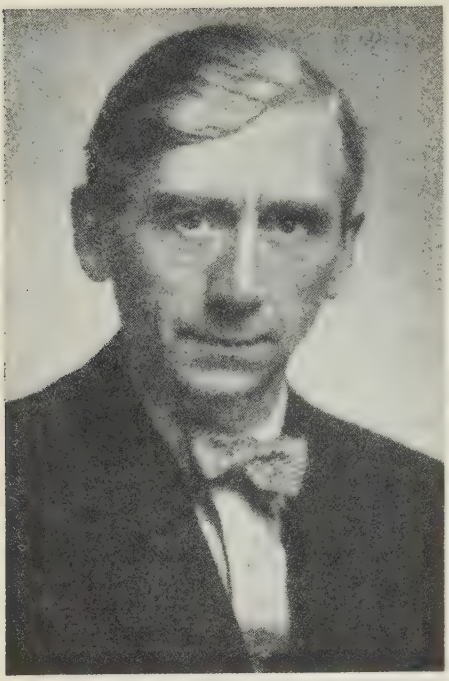
Dostoievsky has given us unforgettable pictures of this type, and there was a prophetic insight displayed in such imaginative conceptions as *The Possessed.* But after the fulfilment of the prophecy we look for new embodiments of the type—for what we might call the experienced, the sophisticated nihilist. We find them, perhaps, in the novels and plays of Sartre, but nevertheless Sartre is not a nihilist—he has called himself a revolutionary humanist, and though he is very careful not to use words which imply a naïve belief in any ideal, no one but an idealist could talk so often and so much about liberty. The Marxists, who are idealists of a particularly extreme kind, have accused Sartre of using the word in a merely abstract manner—of inventing a 'fetish' liberty. The proof, they say, lies in the lack in his philosophy of any objective criterion of liberty: he never gets down to the brass tacks of liberty, which are to be found in the factory and the street, and not in subjective states of mind. In the conditions prevailing in the world today, the Marxist argument has some force—even in Russia!

A more subtle form of nihilism often wears a religious cloak. An extreme distaste for this sinful world may lead to such a feeling of revulsion that the individual rejects every aspect of this worldly life and longs only for the death that will release him from his fleshly bonds and transport him to a wholly spiritual sphere. This form of nihilism seems to me to be even less creditable than a materialistic nihilism; only a perverse masochism can conceive life as a vale of tears, as a mortification to be endured for the sake of another kind of existence. To such nihilists one can only answer in the words of Spinoza: 'The free man thinks of anything rather than of death: his wisdom is a meditation, not on death, but on life.' But it is perhaps vain to exhort people to meditate on life unless we define life, so I would suggest using the word in its most literal and biological sense. Bergson once said that it was his ambition to reconcile metaphysics and biology. Whether he succeeded in that aim is perhaps open to doubt, but it is certainly life in this concrete sense that we should oppose to death—a positive philosophy like Bergson's to the prevalent nihilism.

The Idea of a Christian Society

It will be objected that such a philosophy would be merely materialistic—that a society can only be bound together in common recognition of a superhuman authority, a transcendent being who through divine revelation instructs us how to think and how to behave. Mr. T. S. Eliot, in his most recent book,[1] brings some powerful arguments in support of such a thesis. He argues that a culture cannot come into being, or maintain itself, without a religious basis. In the abstract he would admit that such a religion need not necessarily be Christianity, but given our historical situation here in Europe, he argues that it must be Christianity. He does not 'overlook the possibility that Britain, if it consummated its apostasy by reforming itself according to the prescriptions of some inferior or materialistic religion,

[1] *Notes towards the Definition of Culture* By T. S. Eliot. *Faber & Faber.*



An eminent figure in many branches of literature and the arts, HERBERT READ *is also acutely aware of political developments*

might blossom into a culture more brilliant than we can show today.' But 'that would not be evidence that the new religion was true, and Christianity was false. It would merely prove that any religion, while it lasts, and on its own level, gives an apparent meaning to life, provides the framework for a culture, and protects the mass of humanity from boredom and despair.'

Mr. Huxley and his Vedantists do not reject Christianity; they merely question the uniqueness of Christ as a spiritual leader. According to their view, the divine Reality has been incarnated several times—in Rama, Krishna, Buddha, as well as in Christ—and there is no reason why it should not manifest itself again in the future. The Vedantists can accept the notion of a universal religion, a religion of religions, diffused throughout the world. Such a religion would seem to offer a better framework for a world order than the exclusive and traditional faith to which Mr. Eliot subscribes. Mr. Eliot is too conscious of the grass roots of religion, no less than of art, to have much enthusiasm for a universal religion. 'In certain historical conditions,' he says, 'a fierce exclusiveness may be a necessary condition for the preservation of culture.' And, presumably, a necessary condition for the preservation of religion. 'It is, of course, conceivable that a religion may be too easily accommodated to a variety of cultures, and become assimilated without assimilating; and that this weakness may tend to bring about the opposite result, if the religion breaks up into branches or sects so opposed that they cease to influence each other.' But diversity, and even friction, is desirable. Mr. Eliot believes that there should be a common faith as the basis of world unity, and that this faith must be Christianity. But within this unity there should be 'an endless conflict between ideas'. Each region should shape its Christianity to suit itself, for 'the local temperament must express its particularity in its form of Christianity, and so must the social stratum, so that the culture proper to each area and each class may flourish.' But there must always be a force holding these areas and these classes together—'a corrective force in the direction of uniformity of belief and practice'.

While sympathising with the general sociological point of view from which this world-picture is drawn, I cannot help observing that with one significant alteration it is the same world-picture as that drawn by Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard and Christopher Isherwood. The significant alteration is the substitution of the word 'Vedanta' for 'Christianity' (and for Vedanta, for all practical purposes, we can substitute the word

'Hinduism'). Now there are some 239 million Hindus in the world; some 500 million Buddhists. There are millions more who are Confucians, Taoists, Mohammedans, Parsis and Jews. Can it be seriously suggested that all these 'faithful' are to come together and agree on a 'common faith', a 'corrective' that will abate their fanaticism, a 'force' that will bind them together socially and culturally? Let us admit that such is the ideal solution; but then let us agree that it is little more than a myth—of all long-term policies the one that approaches closest to infinity.

A New Way of Life

I have a long-term policy of my own, but I must confess that it is at first sight completely materialistic. I do not believe that a religious or cultural unity of the world is possible on the basis of a competitive economic system. From this point of view I make no distinction between state capitalism or private capitalism, except that, if compelled to choose between what I regard as two evils, I would prefer a humane chaos to an inhuman order. But during the past few years there have appeared in various parts of the world—in Palestine, in Paraguay, in France—the first cells of a new social order based on the principle of mutual aid. The agricultural co-operatives in Palestine are probably the most highly developed organisms of this kind, but the Bruderhöf Communities at Primavera, Alto Paraguay, are no less successful or less significant. Since it is nearer to us, and developing under conditions common to us, I would like to draw attention to the remarkable experiment which began in 1941 at Boimendau, near Valence in France. Here Marcel Barbu, a devout Catholic, organised the resistance movement during the war among a community whose main occupation is the manufacture of watch cases. At the end of the war Barbu and his friends resolved not to forget their experience of mutual aid, but to carry it over into the peacetime. They returned from their places of hiding and set up in and around Valence a number of worker co-operatives which have become the models for a movement which is spreading rapidly in France, and is only held back from a still quicker expansion by legal difficulties.

Zest

There have been many co-operative experiments of this kind in the past, and it has perhaps already occurred to the reader that they have generally failed. But that thought had also occurred to Marcel Barbu, and there are many new features in the system which deliberately avoid the weaknesses of previous systems. For example, there is liberty of thought, but each member must profess a faith of some sort. The one thing that is forbidden is nihilism. You can be a Communist or a materialist, a Protestant or a Catholic, and all these points of view are well represented. The worst sin is indifference. Another new feature is the recognition of the economic value of housework. The total income of the communities is divided on a points system—15 per cent for raw material, 6 per cent for depreciation reserves, 6 per cent for expansion, purchase of new machines, etc., 12–15 per cent for pensions, hiring of instructors, sick or accident benefits, etc., 5 per cent for propaganda. The remaining 50 per cent is distributed on a basis of earned points, on an agreed system of priorities. In this system a generous allowance is given for the work of caring for the family, and children are given points from birth and later for attending

school. Each community owns a farm, and the factory workers visit these farms in rotation and work on the land for a week or two, thus preserving their health and ensuring a balanced outlook on economic life.

The co-operatives in Palestine and Paraguay are self-contained communities, but the significance of the Valence communities for an industrial civilisation such as we have in Great Britain is that they do not require common living arrangements. To quote a letter from a recent visitor: 'Each worker lives where he pleases in the town, but the factory is more than a factory to them. It is a place which belongs to them and which is the centre of much of their social life. They have a wonderful community auditorium with stage and chairs and ping-pong and cinema. They have an excellent little library . . . a modern infirmary with a nurse and doctor that are always accessible to the community for any preventive work as well as for illness. They are fully covered against any injuries or illness. If a drone turns up and is not weeded out in the year's probation . . . he is frozen out by the fellow-workers' disapproval.'

The test of the system, it will be said, is the rate of production. It has gone up by leaps and bounds to record figures. The same observer says: 'The zest with which they work in *their* plant has given to their production a lift that private capitalism and state capitalism have been unable to attain in spite of the pressure of high incentives for the one, and of threats and incentives for the other. Something new has been released in these men, and their faces and attitude of dignity and assurance indicate that something is happening here.'

The problem of 'incentives in industry', as it is called, is much discussed these days. I am not very fond of the word 'incentive'; it suggests a carrot dangling before a donkey, or even a kick in the pants. 'Zest' is the right word, for it indicates a subjective mood, a sense of enjoyment. Our economic system will never be right until we eliminate the feeling of compulsion, of 'chores' unwillingly, or merely of necessity, undertaken. We do not get that right feeling into work merely by changing the ownership or the direction of industry. Elton Mayo and his associates at the Harvard Institute of Business Administration have shown conclusively that the secret of happiness in work, as well as of high production, lies in the sense of belonging to a community, if only the community of a workshop or shift. But the community must be real, that is to say, must be organic. It must, in its immediate and intimate proceedings, be self-governing. But to be self-governing does not necessarily mean to be segregated. Self-government soon makes a community conscious of the need of the aid of neighbouring communities, and out of this mutual need, and the agreements to which it gives birth, will grow in good time the living organism of a society.

Experiments such as that at Boimendau are the basic cells of such a society. This new growth has not come about by ecstatic conversions or by groping backwards for the broken threads of an effete tradition. It has not come about at the dictation of planners or the scheming of politicians. A spirit of comradeship, of mutual aid, was born in a condition of stress and danger. It has survived in working practice and has been modified and perfected by experience. 'We long to revive France,' is the cry of these French workers. They have shown us the way to revive Europe.

The Outlook for 1949

Can Britain in the New Year lay the foundation for her future prosperity? One of our foremost economists surveys our road ahead and indicates some of the problems we shall have to face

ROY HARROD

WHAT will the year 1949 bring? Each year since the war, despite the common features of shortages and industrial bottlenecks, has brought its surprises. In 1947 there was a grave deterioration compared with 1946. In 1948 we have made substantial progress.

There is every probability that the pattern of 1949 will be different; and it may well bring us some different kinds of surprises. There are three broad trends which we ought to have in mind in assessing probabilities and guiding our immediate policy, so that it may be adequate to meet all contingencies.

In the first place there is the danger of some recrudescence of the inflationary tendency arising from the complacency of His Majesty's Government. There has been some easement in our situation, and there is danger of this leading to a mood of undue optimism. Our trade balance on current account, visible and invisible, has undoubtedly improved considerably. One sees this by inspecting the record. The matter is brought home to the authorities, in a still more practical way, in terms of the pressure which they feel upon their reserves. It may be that there has been a large reduction in that dark and sinister item, the capital exodus, partly due to a tightening of controls and partly to the better prospects of the country. This is at once felt at the centre. It may even be that our current income on invisible account has been running at a higher level than the official estimate and was until recently offset by the capital outflow being higher than the estimate. But the estimate of an outflow of £394 millions in 1947 was in all conscience high enough! Then, there is the feeling of security induced by the prospect of Marshall assistance and by the recent democratic victory.

There is danger that this easement, which is real, may cause a slackening in the resistance to new projects of expenditure. Such economies as were made after the crisis of August 1947 no doubt required a strong hand. Let its pressure weaken, and extravagant schemes will surge up again, just as

TABLE

Extracted from Commd. 7520 £ million

	1947	Annual rate obtaining in first half of 1948 (Provisional)
Visible balance	—438	—312
Invisible balance on current account	—192	+ 32
Total balance on current account	—630	—280
Balance on capital account	—394	—228
Total adverse balance	—1024	—508

A recent study of ROY HARROD *who is now at work on a full-length biography of Lord Keynes*

they surged up in 1947 to our general discomfiture. Departments which have matured schemes press for their inception; in cases where they were asked to postpone last year, they may now be pleading that the postponement has been sufficient. Ministers may recall promises of all the wonderful things that were to be done and conscientiously hanker after a belated implementation of them. It is premature to try to assess how serious this tendency is. Furthermore, as the material position becomes easier, private enterprise may move from indispensable maintenance and replacement to less necessary work on capital account. Such a movement is premature, until our foreign trade is in secure balance.

Again, we are rightly and properly embarking on increased defence expenditure. This is an inflationary factor and one specially damaging to our export trade. It must be borne; but it is a reason, which should be constantly kept in mind, for the further postponement of all unnecessary capital projects.

A World Slump

The second big factor which we have to consider is the arrival of a world slump. When will it come? It may be that the great arrears which exist in so many countries will hold it back. It cannot be argued, however, from there being much work in many countries that ideally ought to be done, that this can be translated into an effective demand which will sustain markets. A slump may come before reconstruction is completed. The fall in grain prices, which has occurred, is a notable pointer. It may be followed by a general easement of agricultural prices and a reduction in the purchasing power of agricultural producers. Much depends in this connection upon the pace of American rearmament. If the upsurge there is sufficient, it may more than offset forces making for a depression.

If a world depression came, Britain would enter a new period of trouble. So far she has had the advantage of a 'seller's market', which she has been wickedly remiss in not exploiting to the full. Orders arising from coal-mining mechanisation schemes, which can only give returns in a long period, should not have had priority over good orders for similar gear from our export markets. On the one hand, a slackening in our export trade would produce an easement in our whole economy—of a deleterious kind, as when an individual obtains private easement by ceasing to pay certain classes of bills. On the other hand, it will tend to make the Government think that it must tighten those kinds of control which are designed to syphon more goods away from the home market. The situation would be a difficult one—the necessity to repress home demand at a moment when unemployment was growing, owing to a slackening in the export trade.

Thirdly, there is a possibility of a purely domestic depression in the home market. This may come in consequence of the external depression, or independently. To some it seems absurd to suggest a slump in Britain, when there are still large arrears and larger projects for new work. But there is a danger of being deceived about this. A domestic recession, if it came, would be due to the falling off in orders by all that vast number of producers who have been struggling during the last three years to make good wartime arrears. It is clear that demand on this account must eventually slacken. The question is how great, in quantitative terms, this slackening will be. Now, it will at once be argued that the falling demand from this source can be replaced by allowing long-range reconstruction schemes to go forward. There is some truth in this. But it must be remembered that the slackening of demand will at once reveal the need to revise the long-range projects. The abnormal high demand has been highest in the case of producer goods; this has pressed with great severity upon certain basic industries, like the steel industry. It has been responsible for the 'steel shortage'. If the steel shortage is converted into a steel redundancy, it is inevitable that plans for increasing steel-producing capacity should be reconsidered. How sure are we that our various reconstruction schemes in the basic industries do not depend upon demand as it is now, and have failed to allow enough for the fact that this enlargement is temporary? While, therefore, it may well be possible to bring forward some reconstruction schemes—there should be no danger of unemployment in the building industry, for instance—we must not be too confident that we have an adequate reserve of work available for giving employment in a slump. Or, to put the matter in another way, we ought to be planning very carefully now to devise adequate and suitable work to be done in that eventuality. Nothing that has been stated by the authorities suggests that the official mind has got away from thinking of the balance of production and the distribution of labour that are appropriate to this transitional phase, and have worked out what the distribution will be in the longer run. It is certain, for instance, that, when the country settles down to a new equilibrium, more labour will be engaged in distribution. What does that imply for the steel and the factory building programme?

Inflationary Pressure

It is clearly very difficult to compound the effects of the three forces which I have mentioned, and to assess the joint effect—especially so, since we do not know the times at which they will begin to operate strongly, nor how strong they will be. This ignorance suggests the need for caution in planning, specially where long-range plans are concerned. And, above all, it suggests that demands depending for their justification on long-range requirements should never be given priority over our export markets. Amid all the uncertainties, there is one thing that is certain, and that is that Britain will have to export more.

To some extent the inflationary forces listed under my first head may be offset by deflationary forces listed under the third (domestic depression). I have already suggested that these factors of increase and of decrease will not necessarily dovetail into one another. The lesson is clear. Some capital works now projected may prove unpayable when the slump comes, that is a reason for not undertaking them. Other capital works may still be payable; when the slump comes we shall need to have these in reserve as a means of giving employment to counter-balance the loss of employment due to the slump; such work should not be undertaken now either, but should be postponed also.

Both a foreign slump and a domestic slump will tend to cause easement in our economy and, if sufficiently serious, unemployment. If the easement were moderate only, and not sufficient to create serious unemployment, this might be of great benefit in making it impossible for the authorities to keep up the pretence that

controls and allocations were necessary. But, at the same time, if there is a foreign slump, there will be a contrary force. For we shall be desperately in need of increasing our exports in every possible way, and the authorities may take this to be a good reason for tightening controls. Whether this would be wise depends on the nature of the controls. Those involving allocation and licence lead to hoarding, are detrimental to efficiency and should be abandoned as quickly as possible, whatever may be the condition of our export markets. If the demand in those markets deteriorates, that will make it all the more incumbent upon British producers to be efficient, and all the more incumbent upon the Government to allow them to be efficient by removing the controls. At the same time, to meet this serious emergency, it is true that the Government may have to tighten those specific controls which prevent home demand encroaching too much upon our productive resources.

The situation seems to be as follows. If the world slump were not accompanied by a domestic slump, then it would be supremely important that control should be concentrated upon reducing domestic demand for capital goods. It is this demand which competes most seriously with our export markets. If, on the other hand, there were both a world slump and a domestic slump, different kinds of remedy might be appropriate. Special financial inducements to exporters, within the terms of what is allowed in the circumstances by the International Trade Organisation, might have to be considered.

Amid all these prognostications, some of them necessarily depressing, one may wonder what can be wisely recommended for the relief of taxation. Until our affairs are in better order, it would be mere weakness to give much weight to the consideration that taxation ought to be reduced merely because it inflicts pain. That is a good argument in itself, but one which in our circumstances must wait. The question of incentive is more relevant. This bears on the willingness of workers to work overtime and to earn high rates of bonus. At most of the higher income levels, everyone is working hard for the time being, in any case; but very high taxation may be destructive of the willingness of the younger generation to devote themselves wholeheartedly to building up new business. At present rates of taxation young men can see no hope of expanding from small beginnings, and they adjust their plan of life accordingly; but it is vital for the future of the country that these men should be harnessed to productive enterprise. Another evil of the present system is that too much brain-power is devoted to devising means for legal tax avoidance—just as too much brain-power is devoted to securing allocations and overcoming all the other obstacles to production inherent in the controlled economy.

Tax Reduction?

We may think of the taxation problem in terms of its aggregate burden, or in terms of the disincentive effect of the way in which that burden is imposed. Support is gradually increasing for a radical reform for which, on account of her great ingenuity and tireless advocacy, the name of Lady Rhys-Williams must be associated. The main outline of her programme is to get a far-reaching simplification, by conflating social insurance contributions with the income tax, and by giving a basic income to all men, women and children. All would be paid this basic income, a kind of social dividend, in times of work or idleness, health or sickness, youth or age, and no special payments would have to be made to the sick, the unemployed, etc. This sounds very costly. As against this, she has proposed to abolish personal reliefs and other allowances due under our income tax arrangements, so that everyone would pay the standard rate of tax on all income. Under this arrangement, by what seems a miracle—yet it has been verified by a number of experts—the rate of income tax could be reduced (without extra charges elsewhere) and social insurance contributions abolished. This should serve very slightly to reduce the overall

disincentive effect of the tax; but it would serve in a striking way to reduce the disincentive at important points by abolishing altogether the upward steps in the rate of tax, which often fall precisely where a man begins to earn overtime pay or high rates of bonus. While this radical overhaul would be a complicated matter to introduce, there is no doubt that, once introduced, it would involve an enormous administrative simplification and release many thousands of persons now engaged in collecting tax or paying out benefits on prescribed conditions. It would also be a step towards the recovery of freedom, since needs tests and inquiries could be eliminated.

So long as we suffer from suppressed inflation and the balance of trade remains adverse, it is dangerous to tamper with the total amount of taxes taken. It can be argued that, if rearmament becomes serious, even more taxes ought to be levied! I suggest, on the contrary, that the Government should make a rigid rule to balance any increased rearmament expenditure by striking off an equal amount of expenditure on public works account. The most rigid economy in all forms of Government expenditure should be practised. It is dangerous for an outsider to suggest how much could be gained thereby. It can hardly be doubted that a considerable sum could be gained, if we set ourselves the target of eliminating material allocations and associated controls within the next twelve months. This should be done.

The most substantial hope for relief comes from the probability of a fall in world food prices. This would enable a painless reduction in the cost of food subsidies to be brought about. This might make possible a notable amount of tax relief. It is to be feared that our too lavish agricultural policy will prevent our being able to balance the reduction in the cost of imported food by a reduction in that of home-produced food.

It would still be unwise to reduce the net budget surplus. But relief might be obtained by a strong cutting-down in the 'below the line' items, the capital projects, in fact.

Once the inflationary pressure comes to an end, there should be a large-scale relief from taxation, great enough to allow new hope and purposefulness to come to birth in this country. There may, however, be an awkward situation, in which the inflationary pressure has ended and yet our foreign trade is not yet in balance. This would present a problem of the greatest delicacy. It is to be feared that 'planning', which has failed so lamentably to diagnose the much simpler problems of the last three years or to devise appropriate policy, will fare ill under this new test. The taxpayer should certainly assert his rights. He has been downtrodden for too long. Once the inflation is over, his case will become strong. On the other hand, it will be extremely difficult to meet it, unless we have prepared in advance good plans for encouraging the exporter. So long as he is not exporting enough, it is, on the face of it, unwise to enlarge the purchasing power of the domestic consumer. Planning should be concentrated upon the solution of this problem. Hitherto, the prime way of encouraging exports has been domestic disinflation. What happens when this disinflation is no longer appropriate? Are we ready for this contingency? In certain cases it may be necessary to maintain controls of the type that disallow sales in the home market. Means should be found for giving effect to this sad regulation otherwise than by the allocation of materials, which is such a destructive weapon and which we hope to see abolished. It may also be necessary to give some direct financial incentive to the exporting business.

The problems in the coming period will be novel and exacting. The future prosperity of Britain is still in the balance, and may be gravely jeopardised if the wrong decisions are taken. It need hardly be added that the nationalisation of the iron and steel industry is not in these circumstances an appropriate subject to engage the attention of the Civil Service, Parliament or the nation.

FACES

'Like a surgeon'

SIR EDWIN PLOWDEN

The Master Planner

CIVIL Servants are shy as a rule and one of the most important of all, Sir Edwin Plowden, is the most retiring. He does not speak of himself, never goes to parties, and hates to see his name in print. But whether he likes it or not, he will be news when his Four Year Plan is published this month.

Since his appointment as head of the Economic Planning Board, rumours about, and criticisms of, his work have been running high. Sir Edwin makes no comment. His Essex country house, Martels Manor, and his London flat in Cranmer Court are out of bounds to reporters. He was director of a large chemical and steel firm when Sir Stafford Cripps called him to the Ministry of Aircraft Production during the war. Sir Edwin is an economist's economist, a planner in a Government of planners; acutely intelligent, he has a wonderfully quick grasp and a neat mind which shows in his reports. 'To read one of these,' a colleague said, 'is like listening to a first-class surgeon talking about an operation.'

Sir Edwin is forty, tall, slight and dark. If put to it, his shy personality can shine in the company of the great. Highly strung, he has little patience and has often been rude to highly placed bores. Educated in Switzerland and at Cambridge, Sir Edwin gained experience by sailing to the United States in a tramp steamer and getting work as a farm labourer.

'A genius for experiment'

ARTHUR BLISS

Versatile Composer

TALL, dark, moustached Arthur Bliss looks as little like a musician as Benjamin Britten. A hatter near Broadcasting House at least took him for the ex-Guardsman he is. 'No, sir,' he said firmly, 'not that type for you. That's the kind that musicians wear.'

Born in London fifty-seven years ago, Bliss went to Rugby and Cambridge and thence to the Royal College of Music. His studies under Stanford, Vaughan Williams and Holst were cut short by the First World War in which he was twice wounded, but by 1921 he was proficient enough to become Professor of Composition there.

His very first published work showed his partiality for curious instrumental combinations: 'Madam Noy' for soprano with flute, clarinet, bassoon, harp, viola and double bass. A work now withdrawn and re-issued as the 'Piano Concerto' was originally for piano, tenor (exclamatory words with no definite meaning), strings and percussion. Bliss soon realised the potentialities of film music. Since 1935, he has been steadily trying to forget that he wrote the music for *The Shape of Things to Come.*

Married, with two growing daughters, Bliss has now completed his first venture into opera: *The Olympians,* with libretto by J. B. Priestley. Scheduled for early production at Covent Garden, this is a lavish work which shows Bliss's genius for experiment.

JOHN CRAXTON

Promising Painter

A PROMINENT art critic has called John Craxton 'the most spontaneously gifted painter of the present generation'. With exhibitions held at the Leicester Galleries, the London Gallery in Brook Street and in Rome, Mr. Craxton's success has so far been known to a relatively small circle. The book of his paintings and sketches which appears this month will do much to make him known to the general public.

John Craxton (26), whose father is one of this country's foremost academic authorities on the piano, grew up in a very happy and stimulating family atmosphere. The war interrupted his studies at the Goldsmiths' College and since then, he has gone far afield for inspiration. He has found it lately in the mellow hills and warm skies of Greece, where he works feverishly.

Craxton began painting as a child and held numerous school exhibitions. His first real work showed his liking for the English romantics of the Samuel Palmer school. Then, he was influenced by the later trends of the Cubists, more however by the Cubist æsthetic than by the Cubist spirit. His work—vigorous, youthful and individual—still requires the deepening mark of age and experience.

'Vigorous and youthful'

UNMASKED

THE OLD VIC

National Theatre

'THERE'S a strange woman running a theatre in the Waterloo Road.' And that fine Shakespearean, Ben Greet, was not the only man who found Lillian Baylis strange.

She had come at the invitation of her aunt, Emma Cons, and for one pound a week, to manage the Royal Victoria Coffee Music Hall, a Reformist counterblast to the gin palaces of the Waterloo Road. That was Boxing Day, 1880. By the time of her death in 1937, Lillian Baylis had made the words 'Old Vic' honoured throughout Britain.

Established at the New Theatre (at prices far higher than prevailed at the Old Vic proper), it is not one single company of players but a carefully integrated organisation.

The last West End season failed: one production was withdrawn and a projected American tour cancelled. Nothing could be more healthy. Complacency engendered by lyrical criticism and ecstatic fans dried up when Sir Laurence Olivier and Sir Ralph Richardson left. This month Sir Laurence returns with the Old Vic Company which has completed a triumphant tour of Australia. Then, fallen standards will be resurrected. The fact that they could fall so sharply is the biggest criticism of an organisation which on paper looks so perfect.

'Fallen standards'

'Supercharged with optimism'

PAUL HOFFMAN

European Overseer

'ANY man who can play a winning hand of bridge with a child on his knee and a dog-fight going on under the table must be a cool and efficient administrator', a friend of Paul Gray Hoffman once said. As ERP administrator, Hoffman's hand is full of aces which, if played well, can do more than anything else to speed Europe's recovery.

U.S. Presidents often choose business men for their difficult jobs. Hoffman is the best in an era of super salesmen; he can size people up quickly and accurately. Straight-away, he gave up his £24,000 a year job as President of the Studebaker Corporation and now receives £5,000 a year.

Hoffman is five feet eight inches tall, stocky, with blue-grey eyes and a confident smile. He speaks softly with slow emphasis on every word. A Republican and a Mason, he is a dynamic evangelist for the creed of production and private enterprise. Efficient, supercharged with optimism and faith in human nature, he demands streamlined methods of work from his subordinates and works sixteen hours a day himself.

In his twenties, Hoffman sold more Studebakers than anyone in the U.S., and his way of celebrating a sale was to make another. Even now, though a woeful Senator told him 'Watch your step or you will have maggots crawling all over you...', Hoffman's successes do not slow him down.

'A sense of values'

TOM CONNALLY

All-important Senator

WHEN President Truman inaugurates his new administration, a Democratic old-timer will move out of the shadows to replace Senator Vandenberg as Chairman of the all-important Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Connally (seventy-one), 'Old Tawm' to his constituents, has been in Congress for twenty-nine years.

When he first went to the Senate in 1928, after a spell as Representative, Connally went up in the public gallery and, looking down on the chamber, chose the seat most visible to the public. From then on, Senator Connally never took his eyes off the gallery. A great campaigner, a man of ideas and strong personal views, he speaks with a sonorous Southern drawl and wide theatrical gestures. A great friend, though sometimes a critic, of President Roosevelt, Connally piloted the Lend-Lease Act through Congress.

Tall, portly and pink-faced, he has long, silvery hair which curls over his collar. He likes old-fashioned clothes and black bow ties. From 'a little ole red schoolhouse' in Marlin, Texas, Connally, the son of a Confederate captain, studied law and then made and lost a fortune in the Florida land boom. In Marlin, he now owns a fine old house and two farms. Lacking a profound knowledge of foreign affairs, Connally relies on his deep sense of human values. It has never failed him yet.

The Pattern of Asia

A background to one of the great crises in history, by the Editor of *Asian Horizon*

DOROTHY WOODMAN

No one who looks at a map of the world can fail to appreciate the significance of Communist victory in China. For the first time in history the geo-political fears of Mackinder look like being realised. The Soviet Union now has complete control or a watching brief in those thousands of miles which stretch from the Elbe to the Amur. Throughout this area Communism has either become the accepted political religion or there is a powerful band of apostles who will find a fertile soil for the seeds of their Marxist faith.

We have first to consider why this propaganda has met with such success in Asian countries where society seemed to be static for generations. It has made an appeal to many people who are by no means Communists. People, bound together by religious and ancient cultural ties, have been in a receptive mood to listen to a doctrine that at first might seem alien to them. But Communism was not the first movement to rouse the East from its traditional pattern of life. Nationalism came first and it is still the most potent factor at work in Asia. At the turn of the century, a new spirit was already evident in different forms and with varying tempo throughout the continent. Japan's victory over the great Russian Empire was one red-letter day. The foundation of the Chinese Republic seven years later—in 1911—was another. So much is familiar history. What is much less familiar is the fact that the leaven of nationalism was already working in other parts of Asia. In India the Congress Party was just developing its machinery of struggle. But two examples which I shall take are little known in this country. The first one is Indo-China, where, in 1908, the Revolutionary Party was started. It was violently nationalist and the French suppressed it with great brutality. They had their Devil's Island in the Pacific—the island of Poulo Condore, just off the coast of Indo-China. Wave after wave of political prisoners was condemned to conditions of horror which we now usually associate with Dachau. The last wave was in 1931, following the Yenbay Insurrection. And it is worth while recalling the fact that many of President Ho Chi Minh's Ministers and representatives abroad spent years of imprisonment in Poulo Condore, often in chains and generally in solitary confinement.

The second example of the influence of nationalism is Indonesia. Again at the turn of the century—in 1908—a group of Javanese intellectuals formed a party called Boedi Oetomo (Noble Endeavour) which aimed at improving the people's welfare by legal means. This was followed by a movement known as Sarikat Islam which was formed primarily to improve the depressed conditions of the batik industry in Java. It was the leading organisation of nationalism for many years. The Dutch also had their prison camps for nationalist leaders, and many of the members of the Republican Government, including President Soekarno and Dr. Sjahrir, spent some years in prison for nationalist activities.

In both these countries, the nationalist movement, as indeed every nationalist movement in the world, gained great inspiration from the Revolution in Russia in 1917. As its success became gradually known in Asia, it inspired men and women in India, in Indonesia, in Indo-China and elsewhere, who hoped to see the end of British, Dutch and French rule. But it is essential that we should not fall into the trap of regarding Moscow as the source of nationalism in Asia. Nationalism was born out of the desire of people to free themselves from what they considered to be the oppressive rule of the Western Powers, primarily Britain, France and Holland. It is true that Lenin early recognised the creative, explosive and revolutionary qualities of nationalism. Even before the Revolution, in a speech in which he formulated Communist policy in semi-colonial countries—he was referring particularly to China, Persia and Turkey—he argued that Communists 'must render determined support to the more revolutionary elements in the bourgeois-democratic movements for national liberation . . . and assist their rebellion, and, if need be, their revolutionary war against the powers that oppress them.' After 1917, this idea was put into practice and a special University founded in Moscow where many of the present Communist leaders in Asia had their training. But it was to China that the first important gesture was made. Here the 'bourgeois-democratic movement', as Lenin called it, was most highly developed.

Nationalism and Communism

One of the first statements of foreign policy made by the Soviet Union renounced all special Russian rights and privileges obtained in China in the days of the Tsarist Empire. Revolutionary Russia, in short, began by renouncing the marks of conquest—commercial concessions, special privileges under treaty and the hated right of extra-territoriality—which Tsarist Russia, like Britain and other Western Powers, had wrung from the weakness of China. This Soviet gesture was in such marked contrast to the policy of every other power that the young Chinese nationalists naturally looked to the USSR for leadership.

When the Sino-Soviet Treaty was signed in 1924, full diplomatic relations were restored between Russia and China, and Dr. Sun Yat Sen admitted Chinese Communists into the Kuomintang (or People's Nationalist Party). Soviet military advisers helped Chiang Kai-shek to build up the Whampoa Academy, and political advisers, led by Borodin, remodelled the Kuomintang along the lines of the Communist Party in the USSR. The Russians pressed hard. Some Chinese resented their efforts to control the political life of the country. Others believed that here was an opportunity of developing the revolutionary situation in China in such a way as to complete the Revolution of 1911, which had succeeded in overthrowing the Manchu régime, but which had not changed the basic structure of Chinese society, or altered the internal balance of power. One thing is certain; the seeds were then sown of the struggle between the Kuomintang and the Communists. When Dr. Sun Yat Sen died in 1924, the moderating influence was removed and in 1927 the right-wing of the Kuomintang, led by Chiang Kai-shek, fought the first round of the war. In those days it was British gunboats which went to his rescue; today not even the feminine appeal of Madame Chiang Kai-shek can produce American gunboats in the Yangtse, and if it did, the Communists would not be defeated. For it must be remembered that in those twenty years, between 1927 and 1947, both nationalism and Communism have grown in China. Under the impact of Japanese aggression, the two came together when, in 1937, Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists, after years of struggle, made a National Front.

Had the National Front held together, China today might have been a great power in the world, politically progressive, economically stable and culturally the leader of Asia. But the National Front

The Burmese Prime Minister signs his country's Declaration of Independence. It is the result of an experience common to all the nations in the Far East

cracked early in 1942 and the most objective observers who were in China from then until the end of the war, tell the same story of a lessening interest in fighting the Japanese—this was left mainly to the Americans—and a growing concern about the war against the Communists. Meanwhile, behind the Kuomintang blockade, the Chinese Communists built up for themselves a well-deserved reputation for good government and integrity in the Liberated Areas at a time when bad government and corruption undermined the Kuomintang. There were, of course, considerable sections of the Kuomintang who did not approve of Chiang Kai-shek's policy. The critics came mainly from the universities and their weakness lay in the fact that they had no mass basis and no positions of influence in the army. Some of them later formed the Democratic League which, for a short moment in the spring of 1946, was recognised when General Marshall, fully aware of the situation, tried to bring about a common front between the Communists and the Kuomintang. But the right-wing—the C.C. clique in particular—thwarted General Marshall's plans. After the failure of his intervention, the present civil war became almost inevitable. I use the word 'almost' deliberately; the progressive elements in the Kuomintang and the Democratic League fought a losing battle for a Coalition Government. They lost it because they were weakened by Kuomintang terrorism and by the failure of the Western Powers, notably the United States and Great Britain, to strengthen their hands by recognition. In 1948 the Communists have strengthened their position. The Soviet withdrawal from Manchuria provided them with an initial supply of arms which were put to brilliant use by General Chu Teh and his colleagues. Communist leadership in the Liberated Areas won wide support among the peasants by carrying out the necessary land reforms, and by encouraging a people's democracy.

American policy has had a boomerang effect. By its intervention on the side of the Kuomintang, it has forfeited the precarious good will of the Chinese, who are the most xenophobic people in Asia—a discovery made by the Russians in 1927. Today the Soong dynasty is over. Its end has come quickly, dramatically, in a blaze of humiliation unprecedented in Chinese history. Madame Chiang Kai-shek's visit to the United States is tragi-comedy. The most glamorised tour of modern times—more glamorous than that of Eve Peron—was Madame Chiang Kai-shek's visit to the United States in 1946, which began gloriously with the apparent conquest of Congress and the White House and ended ignominiously. Her personal extravagances and those of her entourage, the knowledge that she had accumulated vast sterling and dollar balances whilst her people starved, left an impression that has not been forgotten and which is revived by her humiliating return to Washington. Her desperate SOS for money and supplies fell on deaf ears at a time when Kuomintang generals and soldiers were deserting in impressive numbers and the Premier could not hold a Government together. As the curtain of the Soong dynasty falls on this melodrama, the real drama of China unfolds itself. The Communists can offer land and bread and peace.

The Revolt of Asia

This is what the Chinese peasant longs for, as did the Russian peasant in 1917. American policy might repeat the mistake of British policy of intervention in 1917; those who control America today would do well to read the history of that period. Further, it would be a great error of judgment to overlook the fact that just as the victory of the Soviet Union in 1917 changed the balance of power in Europe, so today the Communist victory in China changes the balance of power in Asia. In fact it does much more; it changes the balance of power in the world since the Chinese have a potential ally in the U.S.S.R. whilst the Russians fought alone.

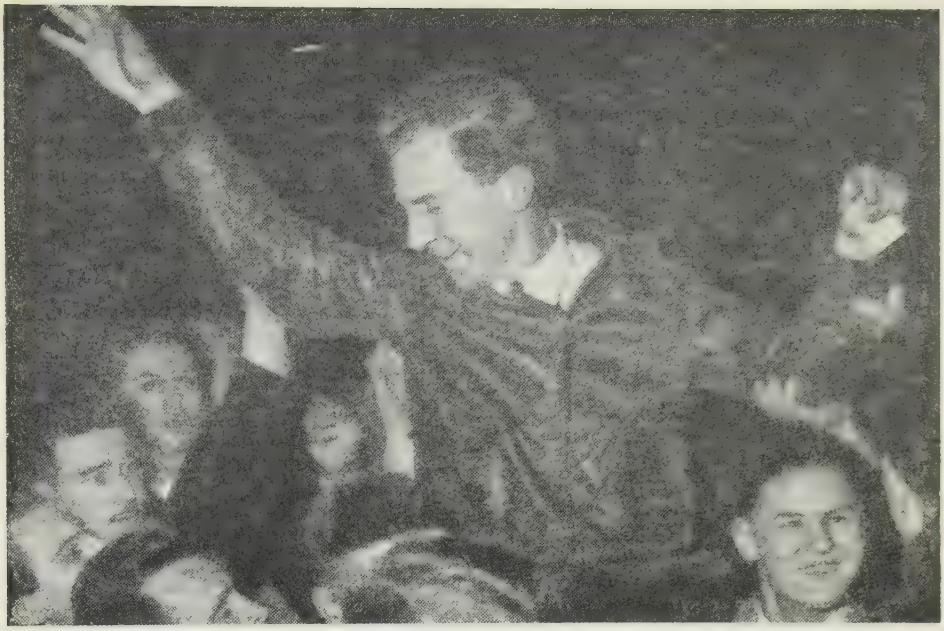
Whilst the pace of events has accelerated in China until the world can now see the rapid collapse of a dynasty, other Asian countries have not remained static. In all of them the underlying problems are similar; the need of land for the peasant and machinery for the development of resources has long been common to them all. Now they have a common experience; Japanese occupation everywhere stimulated the forces of nationalism. At the end of the war, therefore, the desire for independence could not be overlooked or set aside with vague promises. In those territories previously under British rule, this new situation was recognised; belatedly and not very satisfactorily in Malaya, where there was the complicating factor of Chinese and Malay rivalry; in Burma which became an independent Republic on 4 January 1948; and in India and Pakistan which acquired independent status in August 1947. In the case of French and Dutch Colonies, the short-sighted failure to recognise the maturity of the nationalist movements has led to colonial wars on the old pattern. The case of the Philippines is different again; here, the United States adhered to their pre-war pledge of independence, but it must be said that America's economic control and the right she has maintained to hold naval bases on these islands go a long way towards modifying its status as an independent kingdom.

In Siam, the social structure has not been very markedly changed by the war. More Siamese are investing their money in the resources of their own country but China's economic stranglehold over Siam's rice industry is as strong as ever. Though politically independent, the economy of Siam is determined by her external relations. Korea has not yet won her independence, in spite of pledges made by the Allies at the Cairo Conference. Divided at the thirty-eighth parallel between Soviet and American occupation, she is still living up to her reputation as the powder keg of Asia. Whilst a Peoples' Republic has been proclaimed in the Northern Zone and in the Southern Zone,

a popularly elected Government now asks for recognition by the United Nations; Korea's future is being determined as much in Washington and Moscow as in Seoul and Pyongyang. Lastly, Japan: as the only industrialised power in Asia, her defeat has left an economic vacuum into which America would have stepped, had political conditions been sufficiently stable. Maybe there are industrialists in India today who see their future in supplying the vast untapped areas of raw materials and the largest market in the world when once political conditions allow its development. But in the meantime, America's fear of Communism has shortened her memory of such incidents as Iwo Jima, and Japanese industrialists can afford to indulge their optimism. That is, if political and economic conditions permit—which brings us back to the impact of the march of Communism in China on the rest of Asia and its repercussions in Washington. The Chinese Communists have had a widespread influence in Asia; the fact that they built up a reputation for land reform and honest administration when blockaded by the Kuomintang was appreciated in Jogjakarta, Rangoon, Saigon and elsewhere where people were struggling to be free, where at least three-quarters of the people were peasants. Further, Mao Tse-tung's 'New Democracy' was the first effort made by any Communist Party to work out Marxist principles in terms of Asian conditions, and although such outstanding leaders of Asia—Thakin Nu, Sutan Sjahrir, and Jawaharlal Nehru—are by no means Communists, they realise the potential application of much that was contained in 'The New Democracy' to their own conditions.

I believe that, had it not been for the French war against the new Vietnamese Republic and the Dutch war against the Indonesian Republic, we should have seen very great political, economic and cultural developments peacefully planned by people—Communists and non-Communists—who wished to build up new and friendly relations with the Western world as well as with the U.S.S.R. In the case of Burma, where British policy intelligently co-operated in Burmese independence, the young Republic was already working out the transference from a colonial to a Socialist economy. This has had a temporary setback by the changed line of Communist policy in South-East Asia, which seems to stand for the violent challenge to existing regimes. But outside China, the Communist Parties do not yet control the situation, whilst in Burma, in Malaya and in Indonesia, their rebellions have met with little success. What effect the victory of the Chinese Communists will have on other countries in Asia remains to be seen, and this will depend to a considerable extent on the policies of the Western Powers, particularly the United States and the United Kingdom, France and Holland. To take the last two countries first; nationalist movements which, as we have already seen, were started long before the Russian Revolution, will never cease their struggle for independence. French and Dutch unwillingness to face facts can only encourage a violent nationalism which is the most fertile soil for a fiercely violent anti-Western Communism.

American intervention on the side of the Kuomintang has had the effect of discouraging and ultimately defeating those progressive groups which might have formed a Coalition Government with the Communists. And British policy? Where it has had a positive line, as in the case of India and Burma, it has won great prestige throughout Asia. It can still offer an alternative to the millions of people who do not wish their rice-fields to become a battle-ground in the struggle between America and the Soviet Union. And I do not exclude many Communists in this connection. The Communists, above all, in China, are realists. Gunboats will only be met by gunboats. A bold statement expressing British willingness to co-operate with the new China that is being born cannot fail to have favourable repercussions throughout Asia. And it may prove the turning of the tide towards a peaceful world.



'Citizen of the World' GARRY DAVIS *among his supporters in Paris*

A Message from

GARRY DAVIS

to 'WORLD REVIEW'

EIGHT months ago I renounced my United States' Citizenship and declared myself a citizen of the World to emphasise the need for positive action toward the goal of World Federal Government. I acted as I did because I felt that the time was growing short and that the more conservative progress for World Union needed to be re-expressed in terms of the individual man.

That was eight months ago. The situation was urgent then; it is desperate now. Peace is established and maintained within a nation's boundaries by government and law.

The logical extension to the World level has become necessary in our time because of the development of ultimate weapons.

In a recent letter to me, Dr. Evatt stated that the General Assembly of the United Nations does not have the power to make peace, but only to maintain it, once made by the Great Powers. We find, however, that the Great Powers have been taking to the United Nations the very aspects of the peace problems, e.g. Berlin, Korea, Indonesia, and the Italian Colonies, that it is not competent to solve.

Some hold that war may be avoided as long as nations continue to discuss their

differences in the U.N. I believe this only distracts attention from the very real danger of naked power politics. United Nations sessions are dream worlds which create the illusion of World Political Control, whilst in the meantime the World of real men and women moves toward a war too horrible to contemplate. Dr. Evatt suggests that one can support the present United Nations as well as the ideal of World Government. To me this is a paradox. I am for Government and against fruitless discussion among the nations of an archaic World. The only bright spot in the United Nations picture involves the heroic work of the various specialised agencies which are doing all they can in scientific, technical and humanitarian fields to feed, rebuild and re-inspire a World still suffering from the shock of the 1939–45 war.

The knowledge being gained is surely invaluable and important, but the resources at the disposal of these agencies are so pitifully inadequate as to constitute a mockery of their noble purposes. This is especially true of the W.H.O. and U.N.I.C.E.F. and BANK. Under a World Government, able to implement these organisations with advance support derived from sound tax financing on a World scale, they will assume their true value.

BUT what should be done now? The only hope of survival lies in the people themselves. Reanimated and indignant, they are ready for the concept of World Citizenship and World Government, and must take courageous action if their national governments continue to fail them. Since the start of my own crusade last May, I have found ever-increasing evidence of their readiness to act. Twenty thousand at the Velodrome d'Hiver here in Paris last week, demonstrated this still further—but the public awareness of the peace problem is not new. Of course, it has lain dormant for a long time waiting to be mobilised. A vehicle exists which will permit a world political authority to emerge and I shall make it the core of my own policy for the coming year. It is the Peoples' Constituent Assembly of Henry Usborne and Lord Beveridge, and the British Parliamentary Committee, which has done an important job of preliminary preparation for it. Delegates will be elected to an unofficial assembly of the people to draw up a World Constitution. If it is heavily enough mandated it may provide the bridge between the impotent U.N. and a real World authority. Plans are under way in a dozen countries and more will follow.

Another project is being started here in Paris to prepare public opinion for the people's assembly. It will be an International Registry of World Citizens through which people all over the World may stand up and be counted. It will not be just another 'Peace Registry', but rather the beginning of a vast political mobilisation. More details will be ready soon. Thus I believe the World Government idea is at this moment emerging from the preparatory cocoon into the arena of reality. The coming year will be decisive.

PARIS

Christmas 1948

Journey to South Africa

EDWARD HULTON

It is regrettable, but true, that at the moment England is a country that many people want to get out of, at any rate for a time! When it was discovered, therefore, that I was going for some weeks to South Africa, it was considered that I had definitely joined the ranks of the favoured few.

I enjoyed the journey and the visit. Yet I have come back with the nearly certain conviction that I could not 'settle' in South Africa, or in any of these new-found, or new-fangled lands. The Old World is quite bad enough! But in the Old World there is maturity, the immanent feeling of an old civilisation—the very smell in the streets which comes from the fact that they have been lived in for centuries. Lack of maturity is no more attractive, or health-giving, in South African, or American, life than it is in South African, or American, wine. Can a real civilisation ever grow up in these countries? I have an Austrian friend who has a rooted belief that there is lacking in these continents the vital something in the very soil which can create a real culture. No doubt he has not studied the Aztecs, the Mayas, or the Incas—or like most people, with the exception of Professor Toynbee, prefers to ignore them. It is certainly true that since the beginning of time there seems to be no trace of mature civilisation in Africa, if we except the northern littoral.

It is also true, though, that South Africa may soon possess the only civilisation of *any* description, if the atom bomb is brought into use.

The most comfortable way of getting to Johannesburg is by plane—a Netherlands plane of the KLM. This takes twenty-two hours; and they do their best to make everybody happy in every sort of way. The British state aeroplanes are less comfortable, and less quick.

I went to Cape Town and returned thence by ship, by Union Castle, which now practically enjoys a monopoly, since the Italian and German lines have been knocked out. The sea journey is restful, if too uneventful; since land is only struck once *en route*, at Madeira, which alternates with Las Palmas, the capital of 'Gran Canaria'. Las Palmas is noteworthy for inevitable Spanish charm, and attractive women with real old-world downcast eyes, very 'soft' currency (since Spain has not kept up to her export agreements with us, in contrast to the Portuguese 'hardness' of Madeira), and a large modern theatre. The entire Union of South Africa possesses no permanent theatre of any description; and it is said that Miss Ffrangçon-Davies has now returned to this country tired, if not yet defeated.

As internal locomotion the Blue Train from Cape Town to Johannesburg, and on to Pretoria, is claimed to be the best in the world, and it probably is. It is greatly superior to the Continental Train Bleu. It is air-conditioned throughout, and no windows may be opened; but you don't want to open the windows.

Modern mechanical advance is reflected in the fact that it now takes you four and a half hours to fly from Johannesburg to Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia, whilst the train takes three days. How long the participants in the Great Trek took to get from the Cape Province to the Transvaal in the 1830s, I can never remember. It was in some ways, however, South Africa's finest hour. And it is sad that so much heroism has not produced in

the Transvaal quite the Land of Heart's Desire envisaged by these Voortrekkers.

I had better say something now about South African economics, for if I get started on politics at this point I may never stop. The South Africans themselves never tire of political discussions, day or night.

Those who try to decry South Africa's fine economic position declaim that the whole country is built on gold. Well, why not? In a world which will remain unstable so long as the Politbureau sits in the Kremlin, gold will remain in high demand. There is also other mineral wealth untold, or just beginning to be told. I had always heard that the British Commonwealth was potentially much richer than the United States. Having seen something of the mineral resources of South Africa and the Rhodesias, I am quite prepared to believe it. How much of this wealth is *immediately* economic it is not very easy to say, owing to the lack of sufficient railways and the vexed problem of seaports. These have always been two of South Africa's greatest problems. Southern Rhodesia has no sea coast at all. At present the Southern Rhodesians use Beira, in the Portuguese Colony of Mozambique; whilst the northern part of the Transvaal supplements the local ports with Lourenço Marques—also used, and largely peopled, by South Africans, as a kind of Monte Carlo on the Indian Ocean. Secondary industries developed, as in all parts of the Commonwealth, vastly during the war. How far this policy was completely sound the future will tell us. Van der Bijl, who started the South African steel concern, was rated such an expert that he was asked by the United Kingdom Government, towards the end of the war, to advise them on the feasibility of the nationalisation of British steel. Although his report was unfavourable to this idea, it is universally said that 'relations remained unstrained', and British admiration continued for this fine South African. Unfortunately he has just suddenly died.

The Union has been having the usual post-war spending spree. This has now come, somewhat abruptly, to an end. So many American cars of vast length, and American women's shoes and whatnots, were being bought that the Government were compelled to close down; as the balance of trade with the United States is very adverse; and it was found that there was very little gold left in the till. Before that sad day you could buy the most wonderful American stockings, literally in almost all colours of the rainbow.

It would be almost impossible to invest money in the Rhodesias, in land, and not see a substantial capital appreciation on a long-term view. The same is true of many parts of the vast Union. But if you are going out there to snap up suburban housing sites, you are going out too late. For prices have reached their apogee.

Is the new Nationalist Government going to fall? Very likely something important will have happened before this appears; though this does not wholly invalidate my humble appreciation of the situation. Politics in South Africa are not like politics in the U.K., where it is considered that a majority of eighty is 'very bare'. The 'Nats', as they are called by their opponents, get along very nicely, thank you, with a majority of only nine, and with no majority in the Upper House. Some people whisper that anyhow there are at least two extra-Parliamentary organisations which could keep the Nats buzzing even if they lost their majority in Parliament. These are, first, the Brotherhood, a comparatively mild body which seeks to turn 'every little boy or girl born into this world alive' into a genuine Afrikaner. It is all done by kindness; only they must learn, and frequently speak, Afrikaans, and they must believe in the 'Afrikaner way of life.' All this, whether they are of Dutch or British descent. Darker skins, and Jews, are in a different boat. In the Transvaal Province no Jew may be a Nat. There is secondly the Ossewa Brandwag. These people, who

celebrated the Centenary of the heroic age of South Africa in 1938, complete with ox wagons and fancy dress, are said to be much more violent in their methods. During the war, another organisation, the Greyshirts, was supposed to be a political match for the German Blackshirts. The idea was, as in Norway, that when the Germans landed, the Greyshirts would politely tell them that they could go back again, since South Africa had a home product every bit as good.

The United Party of General Smuts is not united, at any rate, on the Race Question—which is the question which pulls in the votes. Smuts himself is an old tired warrior with disciples who do not measure up to his stature. Perhaps it is his fault that they do not.

In any case, two things have recently happened which may help the United Party. One is the restiveness of Havenga, the Afrikaner Party partner in the Coalition, over the extremeness of the Nats' race policy. He is being wooed, almost indecently, by the United Party to get him to join them. This he may do. For this is the pattern of South African history for many years past. The moderate Afrikaans-speakers have several times joined up with their moderate opponents—hence General Hertzog's Government just before the war, and the United Party itself. Actually, almost the only good thing, from the United Party point of view, is that the typical Boer is a passionately quarrelsome and fissiparous fellow, with a 'particularism' which would have done credit to the so-called United Provinces of the old Netherlands, or to the Kleinstädterei of seventeenth-century Germany.

The other event is the tragic death of Hofmeyr (a man of Hanoverian descent), who was Smuts' more or less official Crown Prince. Hofmeyr was a man of brilliant intellectual attainments, and a person of integrity most unusual in any country. But not only had he no 'vote appeal'; his alleged liberalism towards the Blacks was disliked intensely even by many United Party members.

Who really runs the Nats, behind the genial, capable, and comparatively moderate, Malan, remains a secret. Neither is it possible to say what is the exact power of the 'Dutch Reformed Church', which is to the Nationalist Party what the TUC is to the British Labour Party, or the chapel was to old-time English Liberals. It is known, however, of course, that Malan is himself a clergyman. Also the new Governor of the Transvaal, Dr. Nicol, is a clergyman. This brings to mind the forthrightness and 'unwooliness' of South Africa's excellent newspapers. Also their bitterness. In a recent cartoon, two old ladies are sitting in church. One asks, as she looks up towards the pulpit, 'I wonder what announcements the Government is going to make today?' It is not so unlike the Kirk of seventeenth century Scotland. In point of fact, many of the Predikants are of Scotch descent. When Holland became the real first daughter of liberty, and South Africa would have no more of her, ministers were imported from north of the Tweed. How many of the Dutch Reformed clergy are men of genuinely noble lives it will never be possible to discover. What can be said though without possibility of contradiction is that there is nothing more evil in this world than an evil priest, even if he is a Protestant Reformed priest. Most of the little white Dutch churches in seventeenth-century style in the otherwise unsightly dorps, or villages, are the only ornament made by man which the fair landscape of the veldt possesses. Yet some of these seem to be mere whited sepulchres, housing hypocrisy, and almost sadistic hatred towards natives, 'coloureds'—and British.

To one coming from the tolerance of English life it is well-nigh unbelievable to find a country where everybody is so much agin' everybody else. The Afrikaners are a definite community, controlling now not only the Government; but also the civil service, largely; the police; and now the army, which is to be made into a Platteland (or Afrikaner) army. Those of British descent are a separate

community, or several, according to business, or social, status. The Jews are very much a separate community; and it is sought to make them register as Asiatics; which, owing to the new so-called independent state of 'Israel', is not perhaps so surprising. All the same, a lot of the Jews are trying to curry favour with the Nats, and give up the British who have been their only sincere well-wishers. The Indians are now to be 're-exported' back to India. This policy, however, like the whole of Apartheid, or compulsory racial segregation, is not even practical. The Indian scheme was tried some years ago and was a complete failure. It is openly the policy of the Nats to take away native representation, and make the coloureds have a separate register. One important Nat has said: 'The British will have to be very careful. In future, only those who have supported our party will have votes at all.' The British, having won the Boer War, through their usual simplicity, are now losing all along the line. The most pathetic community, though, are the Coloured folk or half-castes still wanly smiling. They have had the franchise for a hundred years. Now they are to be 'eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves.'

South Africa is perchance not a country redolent of charm for the European woman; but it is a land which attracts a man, at any rate in its natural features. The wide red veldt and the vast blue mountains, the sunny blue skies, and the extremely clear air, are not at all like Europe, but they are equally grand and equally beautiful. The towns are less pleasing; and it is here that the British have been the principal sinners. Most of the lovely Dutch houses of Cape Town have been pulled down, and replaced by the worst 1880 neo-Gothic and neo-Renaissance erections. Cape Town has almost only one good British building, St. George's Cathedral, a graceful Regency structure. This is now being pulled down and replaced by a monstrous pink Gothic horror.

'Jo'burg' is much more muddled and unsightly than Cape Town, which retains incidentally its lovely old Dutch garden. In Jo'burg everything is in violent contrast. Some things are very bright and new and efficient; and some are incredibly out of date and tawdry—all jumbled up together. The same applies to the appearance of the inhabitants. The men often do not trouble, even in the evenings, to dress well, or even to put their ties straight. The women, many of whom are exceedingly handsome, are sometimes very carelessly dressed. Yet gliding in and out of these you will see some women magnificently turned out. Many of the fashions are actually sent there before they reach London. South African women have a passion for being in the vanguard of the mode, and are sometimes somewhat extreme. The Old New Look, with its full skirt, long ago vanished out there. The New New Look reigns supreme. Nearly all the smart women now wear shoes with four-inch heels, and with incredibly small bases to them. Almost all have surrendered to the revival of the 1914 silhouette. South African girls are proverbially strong, athletic and active. But they have to give in to the newest look in its most restricting form. It is a tragi-comedy to see a young girl of eighteen or twenty in a day-time skirt nearly to the ankles which is so tight that she has to fight to get one foot in front of the other, and in which the only thing possible is a desperate waddle. Even serious middle-aged women have succumbed to this *Diktat*, and their knees and ankles are so relentlessly shackled that the effort to walk exhausts strength and temper in a few minutes; and when they want to get into their cars, they cannot get their foot inside, and have to implore the aid of their male escort.

What of the future? It is not politics that can save a country. Indeed, a great American once said, 'What this country wants is a new ten cent cigar!' South Africa has broad acres and sunny skies. Perhaps all her communities need to develop a broader and sunnier nature. Faith in the future and energy, are there in abundance. What would be a God-send would be a more developed sense of humour!

THE RUHR COMES TO LIFE

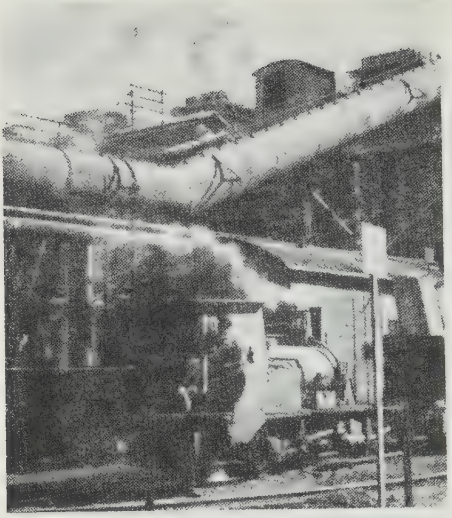
Germany's economic recovery since her currency reform has been startling. To the French this development is highly disturbing. John Midgley, of *The Economist*, explains the changes that have taken place

JOHN MIDGLEY

The Berlin crisis was from the start an international crisis, to be played out in the long run not on the Berlin stage but on the stage of world politics. But while it has been running its course, another and more strictly German issue (though this in its turn cannot fail to influence the course of world affairs) has been unfolding, too: the centre of gravity of the future Germany, which had appeared to hover, was settling in the west. Economic movements were determining this—the renovation and reconstruction of the Anglo-American Zones, and the decline of Eastern Germany into a derelict area. Neither the individual brilliance and leadership of Berlin, nor the unshakable parochialism of the West German towns themselves, seems at the moment likely to reverse either of these trends. At some time in the future Western Germany will draw Eastern Germany to itself, the greater drawing the less—as Bacon observed that England would draw Scotland when England acquired a Scottish king. Which is the greater is not likely to be in doubt. Nor is the general political orientation of Germany, which will be westward, though with a specifically German slant, and though not free from suggestions of trouble for Germany's Western neighbours. Communist prospects in Germany have been killed by the swift revival of the economy of the Western Zones.

Statistically, the revival has taken place almost entirely since the reform of the currency in the summer. In fact, it was at work before, but there were then no ways of determining its extent or its prospects of duration. In the world of officially recorded activity—production returns, rations, allocations—there was little improvement to be seen. Beneath that surface it was possible to detect a more powerful rhythm of industry and trade and a greater flow of goods, but the channels were the hidden channels of barter and 'compensation' and unwritten private arrangement. Currency reform brought the flow into the open and made it statistically visible, removing at the same time the most effective single source of distortion and restraint.

The change in the visible social atmosphere was immediate. The importance of being able to walk into a restaurant, order a meal, and pay for it—and, if it is not good, complain or go somewhere else—is a little difficult to assess. It is obvious in Germany, where wages and salaries are still low, that the occasions on which the ordinary man can afford to do this are quite few. But a country where it is possible can be distinguished at a glance from a country where you go fifty miles into the country to get a pound of butter from your aunt's brother-in-law, and give her a wireless set in exchange. Bizonia graduated within a week or two from the latter kind of society to



The wheels turn again in the Ruhr and the chimneys smoke

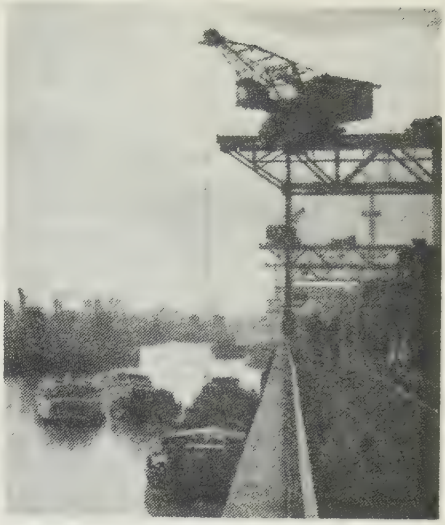
the former. A man wanting a hotel room, or a taxi to keep an appointment, a morning paper, new soles on his shoes or an apple after his dinner, found that he had merely to ask for them and pay. He paid, perhaps, excessive prices; but he did not waste time. Indeed, the difference between a West German town in May and a West German town in September of last year was visible at a glance or sensible to the ear. People moved more quickly. They walked as if they had somewhere to go. The loafers had disappeared from the hotel doorway, and the sociable crowds from the booking-hall at the railway station. The shop-windows, which had been empty, were full; but the shop-gazers, after the first few exciting days, were hardly to be seen except on Saturdays or in the late afternoon when work was over. Even the jay-walkers had gone from the middle of the road; they were in some factory, one supposed, taking appalling risks with machines. The listless and aimless movement which marked the German scene since the end of the war began quickly to be replaced by a rhythm more positive and alert.

To say this is merely to say in personal terms what the statistics show impersonally. More people went to work in the heavy industries, which before had been avoided as offering too few opportunities for payment in kind. Factory attendance became more regular. Shifts were fully worked, and production per man-shift improved. The bizonal index of industrial production, which had been 53·6 per cent in April, rose to 66·8 in August and 72·4 in September. (The index is a percentage by volume of 1936.) Coal, though the most vital, was in a way the least promising branch of German industry for a rapid expansion, for everything possible had been done with food parcels, cigarettes, extra clothing points, and inducements in kind to encourage the miner for eighteen months past. But coal production became steady at a level which had previously been reached only on special occasions and with special inducements. Once before, on a Monday in March, with a prospect of a special allowance of American cigarettes, hard-coal production in the Ruhr had exceeded 300,000 tons; but it afterwards transpired that energetic groups of face-workers had worked on the previous day to achieve this result, leaving their Sunday output below ground until next morning to give the Monday output a good start. The achievement was not repeated until after currency reform, but this time it was genuine; output in the Ruhr mines climbed gradually until it reached 300,000 tons a day in October and passed the 320,000 mark in November. This steady improvement was of the utmost importance not only to the Western neighbours of Germany, who depended on German coke and coking coal to fuel their iron and steel furnaces, but for the bizonal economy itself. Not only were the coal allocations to industry in the bizone increased, but, still stranger, the allocations were a shade over-delivered.

Production Output Climbs

Recovery in the steel industry, which had further to go, was a great deal more rapid. The former Krupp steelworks at Rheinhausen, on the Lower Rhine, which I visited in September, had taken on 2,000 new workers since currency reform; since

March it had more than doubled its production. This particular works had made, before the war, about 100,000 tons of steel a month. In 1947 it was making between 15,000 and 25,000 tons. In September it produced a little over 60,000 tons. The Ruhr steel industry at large, having a number of works out of action through dismantling or other causes, did not approach sixty per cent of its pre-war level of activity. But it did show the effects of the new and energetic spirit, and it reached by the autumn a level of production a little over 7,000,000 tons a year. The German iron and steel administration at Frankfurt began to discuss whether to raise the target for 1949 formally to 9·2 million tons, or to be more discreet and spare French susceptibilities. It is probable that Ruhr steel production now exceeds the steel production of France.



But fear also looms once again on the German horizon

These improvements in the German heavy industries were accompanied by improvements in the lighter industries too; textiles and clothing and the lighter engineering industries made rapid strides. It would be wrong to give the impression of an economy suddenly healed, sound, and vigorous at all points. Any sudden revival is bound to bring out points of weakness. It is still clear that the industrial capacity of West Germany is not being fully and economically used. Raw material supply, running in fits and starts, is one of the weak points which prevent a full recovery. Skilled labour is still hard to find in the industries and at the places where it is most needed. Industrial firms in general are short of liquid funds to carry on their business from week to week; their funds were swallowed up in the currency reform, and credits at high rates of interest from the Land banks have been an inadequate substitute. Where these difficulties are overcome, an overriding material shortage makes its appearance: the electric power system of the Ruhr and Rhineland is not strong enough to meet the heavy calls upon it. Even in August, industry was subjected to severe power cuts, and these have grown more severe with the winter. An industrial revival does not in the short run solve problems of this kind, but exacerbates them. Industry not only in the Ruhr and along the Rhine, but in the Saar, in Luxembourg, and in neighbouring areas of Belgium and France, depends to some extent on the supply of power from the brown-coal stations near Cologne and the hard-coal stations of the Ruhr. These and particularly the brown-coal stations which are of special European importance are so worn and depleted that it must require an elaborate programme of repair and expansion over a number of years to bring them into line with post-war needs. At the moment the demand is not only ahead of the supply, but is expanding faster.

The Ruhr economy, expanding unevenly and gaping not a little at the seams, is also feeling stresses of a political and social kind. The results achieved in 1948 are considerable. But they were achieved by a combination of German free-enterprise economics with American material aid, and they have been accompanied by social discontents and political disappointments which it would be dangerous to ignore. Only the main lines of the currency reform policy were directly in Anglo-American hands: the execution, and the mass of financial and administrative measures which went

with it, were in the hands of Dr. Puender and Dr. Erhard at Frankfurt, who took the opportunity to sweep away a host of controls, leaving commodities to find their own channels of trade, and prices, for the most part, to find their commercial level.

Question of International Control

Many of the controls had protected the individual through the first three post-war years from the full impact of Germany's changed position in the world. It therefore happened that the citizen, who found for the first time since the war that he could buy goods in the shops, found also that prices were higher than he had thought possible and that he was therefore poorer than he had ever imagined. Other citizens in other countries have found the same thing, but the demonstration in Germany was abrupt. In a poll of public opinion taken in a West German town in the late summer of last year, seventy-five per cent of housewives declared themselves in favour of the free market which enabled them to buy goods freely, but ninety-one per cent of them voted against the high prices they had to pay.

The Frankfurt price policy was, however, more than an economic expedient. It was the reflection of a political approach and a sign that central policy in West Germany had fallen into the hands of the German Right. And it is necessary to remember that the one part of the programme of the German Right—individualist economics—has not in recent history been known to exist without the other part—nationalist politics.

A new self-confidence among the Germans of the West has been born of the rapid recovery of the Ruhr, which must spread in widening circles among the industries which depend on the Ruhr. While other countries in the E.R.P. group have fallen behind their targets or achieved them by only the narrowest of margins, the economic effort of West Germany has forged ahead. In the result, the European Recovery Programme can hardly avoid revision to take account of the greater relative part which Germany will play in it. Knowing this, the Germans can put more confidence and more insistence into their demand that the industrial dismantling programme be cut down and the Allied restrictions on German industrial activity removed. They can demonstrate in a number of industries that, if the restrictions are removed, German production can rapidly exceed the permitted level. Of the E.R.P. countries Germany alone has great industrial capacity waiting to be brought into play.

This German elasticity is nowhere fuller of material promise, and nowhere more suggestive of political risks to come, than in the iron and steel industry. It is in steel that visiting American efficiency men are most ready to promise decisive results, and round steel that the keenest of the French anxieties centre. Production of ingots and castings in the bizone had already in the last months of 1948 reached what should (according to the estimates compiled by the Marshall Plan countries in their first meetings at Paris) have been its 1950 level. Judged by technical factors alone, it can be expected to reach by the end of this year the maximum which the revised level of industry plan permits. In 1950, according to recent German and American estimates, it can be raised further to 12.7 million tons, and in 1951—who knows?

It is the unexpected speed of recovery in the Ruhr which has given urgency to the question of future international control. The French see themselves once more on the point of being outstripped in industrial effort. At the same time they see emerging the political outlines of a new German State which, with or without the Eastern Zone, will be more populous and may before long be more powerful than France. Their anxiety to establish international restraints on German economic life is easy to understand. It is less easy to reconcile with the American principle of relaxing the restraints in the hope that the economic effort thus released can be turned to the general advantage. The final choice between the two can hardly be delayed for long.

Why not a Directors' Union?

Active experience in industry and politics has convinced the author that only by concerted action can Private Enterprise counter the many attacks and slanders which are made against it

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDWARD SPEARS

THERE should be no need in these times to remind anyone of the truth of the saying: 'United we stand, divided we fall.' The memory of how Hitler turned this truism to advantage is, one would imagine, too recent for it to have begun to fade.

Yet, even now, there is a large, vital, yet divided section of the community in Britain hesitant about putting the lesson into effect.

Powerful forces are on the attack constantly against every aspect of private enterprise. Its faults, real and imaginary, are advertised by the most effective propagandists. Rarely does private enterprise rise to its own defence; rarely is its voice heard replying to opponents. One or two organisations are working to put the record straight, but they encounter the utmost difficulty in gaining open support even from those in most imminent danger of annihilation by legislation.

Opposed to private enterprise is socialisation, and socialisation in this country is coming by default—simply because the captains of private enterprise, while ready enough to panic and to grouse at each new measure of encroachment, will not stand up and fight openly.

Their fear is that they will be labelled 'political'. In private conversation with an industrialist today, he will say: 'I think this, and I think that—but for heaven's sake don't tell anyone I said so. I couldn't afford to antagonise the Government.'

It is a shocking comment on the state of democracy today that anyone should have to say such a thing. And because ca' canny of this type is the rule, there is no united front of opposition against any measure the Government cares to take towards destroying the commercial and industrial organisation of the country.

Of course it is political to fight. But it does not mean that simply because a certain policy has been adopted by the Labour Party, anyone who opposes must be a Tory. To suggest such a thing is to exhibit the unreasoning reasoning of Communists who label opponents 'Fascists'.

What am I leading up to? It must be obvious; nothing less than a rallying call to end the ditherings of that—nowadays—most sniped-at of mortals, the company director. Before he is legislated out of existence, the time to present a united front is now. Much more of his present silence, and the time will be—never.

In the same boat as the director is the one-man business's owner, and any employer. All of them by silently accepting each new whittling down of their functions are acquiescing in their own destruction. That is why I am urging a united front.

In a recent article, Sir William Larke, one of the country's most eminent industrialists, has said: 'Industry generally fully appreciates that it best serves its own interest to the extent that it can serve the national interest.

'That does not mean that it can best serve the national interest by passively accepting policies which its vast accumulated experience and technological knowledge

Soldiering, special missions, authorship and politics have been crowded into GENERAL SPEARS' *distinguished career*

show to be not only ineffective, but possibly even disastrous in their results.

'Industry has a collective responsibility in examining such policies and proclaiming its own views as to the results likely to flow from them; also, to propound where necessary alternative policies which will operate to the greater advantage of the national interest. A passive acceptance involves a measure of moral responsibility.

'Although the recommendations which industry feels constrained to make may not be accepted, it is unlikely, if they are submitted with the full force of industrial opinion behind them and an assurance as to the determination of industry to secure the results expected, that they would be lightly disregarded.'

What Sir William says of industry applies with equal force to commerce. Is there any evidence that industry is realising the implications of this collective responsibility? True, there is a powerful medium of consultation in the Federation of British Industries. Yet, excellent as the F.B.I's administration is, brilliant as the brains it commands undoubtedly are, it confines its activities mainly to consultation. It sees that it can best serve British industry by co-operating with the Government to make the best of the situation with which the latter's policy presents it.

The F.B.I., so to speak, saves what little there is of value from the wreckage. In so doing, it can hardly be accused of passivity; at the same time, there is little outward evidence that it is adopting that best form of defence which is attack.

No thinking person would suggest we should play ostriches and ignore the Government and refuse to co-operate at any price. There is no doubt the F.B.I's attitude, as far as it goes, is correct.

I am suggesting, however, that, parallel to co-operation, there is room for an organisation devoted to that constructive criticism which, in face of an overwhelming majority in the legislature, is the only defensive weapon available to private enterprise. If directors believe they have any useful function in the community at all, they will best fulfil it by defending their interests together rather than sitting silently in individual fortresses, the foundations of which are being steadily gnawed away underneath them.

That directors have a function in commerce is recognised in the new Companies' Act, in a fashion that makes mutual support more than ever necessary. An 'officer' of a company is defined to include a director, and the Act introduces twenty new offences such an officer may commit. There are a host of financial provisions which directors have to observe. The cumulative effect of this new legislation is that directors, instead of leaving technicalities to employees—as a Cabinet Minister relies on his permanent civil servants—and concentrating on broad policy, will have to keep a keen and expert eye on their companies' finances. Since few men, administrative geniuses though they may be, can hope suddenly to turn into expert accountants-cum-lawyers as well, the company director in future is obviously going to be in need of expert advice behind him—advice based on careful digestion of legislation served up in readily-understandable fashion so that a busy man of affairs can take it in his stride.

If offences are created, someone is bound in time, no matter how careful he may be, to commit one of them. He can defend himself better with the backing of an organisation that studies his interests; furthermore, if there are any lessons in his case of help to other directors, such a body would be the one to interpret them.

A united front of this type is the logical reaction to attacks being directed so vigorously at private enterprise. The people who direct these attacks should be the least surprised if they breed opposition. Yet they will probably be the ones to shout 'Politics!' with the greatest alarm if they are opposed. That is not sufficient reason to daunt us from getting up on our hind legs and showing that docility is not as certain as they might hope.

The Institute of Directors

Are we to create a new medium for putting forward the director's point of view? I suggest it is not necessary. Over the past half-century, organisations have grown up with a brief on behalf of nearly every section of our national life. To duplicate them is to halve their influence; but, if they are to counter attacks being made on their members' interests, many of these organisations must find a new spirit. The organisation already existing for directors is the Institute of Directors; it has a Royal Charter and has in fact been in existence for forty years. Some of the most prominent industrialists in the country are associated with a movement to infuse it with new vigour. The Council is being reformed and more membership recruited. With support, the Institute could be a potent means of counteracting forces that tend to disregard the director as a keystone in the commercial structure. There are some 200,000 limited companies in Great Britain; in the Directory of Directors, which deals only with public companies, the names appear of 30,000 directors. Welded together in one organisation such as the Institute, they—even a proportion—could exert enormous influence.

There is a chance here for them to make the Institute of Directors a powerful spokesman for their interests in the way that the British Medical Association acts for doctors. Cynics say the doctors have the strongest trade union in the world: why should they alone enjoy such privileges?

No one can have any doubt as to the choice before us. Smacked sufficiently often, business can either be knocked out or can reply in kind. At the moment it is taking all the blows and rocking on its feet; its one hope lies in gathering its strength into an effective counter blow.

I do not suggest that the director and private enterprise in general can wipe out all the slanders and bruises of a generation with the swiftness of one sharp blow. The counter-attack must be slowly built up and applied where it is most effective.

It is true that private enterprise achievements speak for themselves. The figures are there for anyone to see. But how many of the millions who go to the polls at a General Election will go out of their way first of all to plough through the Monthly Digest of Statistics, or the Trade and Navigation Accounts, where all the necessary evidence is set out? If those voters could concentrate on the task—and why should they?—would those columns of multiple noughts mean anything to them?

We know that Britain's car industry sent more than 3,700 vehicles to the United States in July 1948, whereas only fifty British cars crossed the Atlantic in 1938. We know that all United Kingdom exports in July beat a twenty-eight-year-old record. But does that mean anything to the average person? Tell him that cars, lorries and chassis exported in eight months represented enough cash value to bring home our present butter ration for one and three-quarters years, or, alternatively, our cheese rations for nearly three years, and you begin to get meaning over to him.

Workers in the steel industry know what was involved in achieving an annual rate of output of 15,000,000 tons during the first half of 1948—but the layman will be more impressed to learn that the cutlers of Sheffield, grouped with makers of hardware, implements and some odds and ends

[*continued on page 88*

The Music of Vaughan Williams

SCOTT GODDARD

Ralph Vaughan Williams is the chief musician in Britain. That position is his, first because of the character and quality of his work, which is in the great tradition of English music from Tudor times, on through Purcell to the era of his masters, Parry and Stanford, with strong influences from folk music. Also there is the variety of his occupations—conductor of The Bach Choir (1920–6), teacher at the Royal College of Music, and his continuing work in connection with the Leith Hill Festival and all it implies in the organisation and proper performance of music in his own locality. One cause for esteem is said to be his age; but that bare fact, though of overwhelming popular appeal in this country, is no evidence of greatness. He is seventy-six, thus four years younger than Verdi at the time of *Falstaff*. He has written works of many types. It is his symphonies that I shall investigate here.

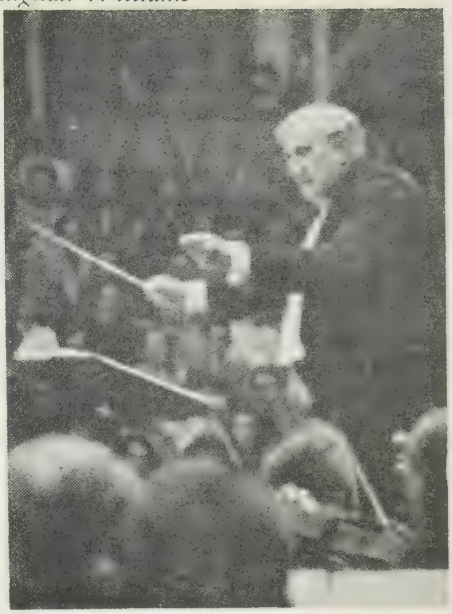
There should be, I have frequently imagined, select words by the aid of which the specific quality of an artist's mind could be described in terms of his own particular art. So that a certain painter might be described, as far as concerns the human, or philosophic quality, as perhaps prismatic; or that, when a certain poet is named Thomas the Rhymer, the adjective might be used further to draw attention to something other than a point of technique, in fact to a quality existing throughout the whole being of the man himself. It would, I thought, imply something more than a feat of verbal agility so to describe an artist, since it would bring man and material into sufficiently close contact for either to become potent in describing the other. The result would be an inquiry which should end in the man as an artist being as clearly delineated as the components of his work. And it would always be the man as an artist; for this method would not give rise to biography. The human essence would only be touched on as being the vessel containing a quality of mind. But if the descriptive word were sufficiently precise when applied to the art in question, and also nearly enough related to some quality of the mind, then it would illumine both work and man.

In music such a term is 'symphonic'. This term, after its long past of change and evanescence and general vagueness, began in the eighteenth century to crystallise around one notable form of orchestral music. From Haydn to Brahms symphony meant an orchestral work in four movements. Exceptions such as Mozart's D Major *ohne Minuet* were rare. Since then the symphony has undergone many changes, especially in the number of its movements. What Beethoven started in the Ninth, Mahler in Austria, and Sibelius in Finland, have continued; so that now a symphony can have as many or as few movements as the composer desires.

But one quality remains which makes an orchestral work symphonic in the way a suite of short movements is not. It is a

quality of mind in the composer. It shows itself in the extension, not the extent, of his thought: that is to say, in the limits eventually set upon his thought. Those limits have to be reached not in time alone but in space; a symphony to be truly symphonic must also have depth of thought. This quality of depth is indefinable, but is apprehended by the composer and should be by the listener. Symphonic procedure may not always be so; it has been known to change and may do so again. It may become light and trivial while keeping only the one symphonic element of highly organised intellectuality. But at present it is not so, since symphony is inherently serious. The trivial does not belong to it unless introduced to heighten that very seriousness. The symphonic mind is the mind of the extensive thinker, exploratory, wide-ranging and, most of all, the deep thinker. Among the apposite terms which, as I suggest, could be chosen from a specific art to describe the quality of the mind of an artist, there is this term symphonic. It belongs intrinsically to music, but it has overtones of meaning which bring it within reach of both philosophy and psychology. Connection between art and its creator is manifest, but peculiarly difficult to define. A term such as this might help in discovering the link between what is vaguely called the spirit of music and more precisely the spirit of the composer. To test the validity of this intuition, it is necessary to turn to the work of a symphonic composer whose music not only has depth and extension of thought but offers works of this nature spread over the whole of his creative life. The music of Vaughan Williams is a contemporary instance of that.

Vaughan Williams has written six symphonies. So far the tale goes at present; but he is still vigorous in work and there is no reason for us, with our heedless lay greed, to cease expecting more. His symphonies reach from the first, in 1910, when, after a long maturing, he was becoming known



VAUGHAN WILLIAMS *conducting at the Albert Hall*

at the age of thirty-eight, to the sixth in 1948, he being then seventy-five. The space between the symphonies increases at first: four years before the second (1914), then eight before the third (1922), thirteen before the fourth (1935). Thereafter the space lessens: seven years between four and five (1943), then five before the sixth. In those intervening years appear the four operas, the ballet *Job*, the numerous choral works, the chamber music, the shorter orchestral works. Not all of these are symphonic; but the larger part of them is in numerous ways connected with the symphonies. This connection gives the six their value as a means not only of knowing Vaughan Williams as a writer of symphonies but of learning the fundamental character and quality of all his work.

Each symphony takes to itself things from former works, ponders on these elements, extends and intensifies them. Thus the Sea Symphony, the first, recalls the earlier Whitman cantata, 'Towards the Unknown Region'; the London Symphony, the second, is related to the opera *Hugh the Drover;* the Pastoral Symphony,

the third, to the short orchestral work, 'A Lark Ascending'; the fourth to the ballet *Job;* the fifth to the Bunyan opera, *The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains,* and the sixth refers back to at least three of the symphonies and to the Introduction and Fugue for Two Pianofortes of 1947. In similar wise the symphonies affect works that come after. The Sea Symphony affects the Five Mystical Songs of the next year, the Pastoral affects the Suite 'Flos Campi' for viola, small orchestra and chorus. The symphonies, therefore, seem to be centres of attraction, focal points of arrival and departure of ideas. The more they are studied, the more clear it becomes that they provide the surest way to understanding Vaughan Williams's musical quality and thence the quality of his mind, his personality both musical and human.

The first, the Sea Symphony, is a choral work in the accepted four movements, the words by Walt Whitman. He was the first poet to whom Vaughan Williams turned for an extended work, the first whose contact produced great music from him. The four movements correspond to those of an orchestral symphony, two large outer movements enclosing a slow movement and a scherzo. At the present day this symphony cannot be listented to, can hardly even be heard, by the contemporary generation of forward-looking youth: it belongs to an age, that of Vaughan Williams's masters, Parry and Stanford, that is not yet ancient enough to be classic. Yet in it there are signs of the mature youth of that day branching out most bravely and in ways which then were shocking. It is music of a magnificent melodic inventiveness and strength, the work, one now sees, of a man who had by that time experienced field work as a collector of folk music.

The second symphony is instrumental. There is some slight illustrative work, the chimes of the Abbey, the wheeze of a mouth-organ. Where Elgar's 'Cockaigne' of the previous decade, which dealt with the same subject, is a picture, this is a vision. The brutality of London still awaited expression; it was to find that in John Ireland's London Overture. Vaughan Williams's symphony is London seen by the countryman. The airs of the country, which can be smelt in the small hours of the morning in the Green Park when the fumes of petrol for one short moment lose potency and the wind carries scents from beyond the suburbs—such airs blow through this music. There is monumental passion there. One would imagine the man who wrote it not so much torn between, as astride, the twin forces of the classic and the romantic.

The third symphony is the last, so far, to be given a descriptive title. That title of Pastoral Symphony suggests rather than describes. In the four movements there is, in fact, a perpetual urge directing the listener's imagination towards this suggestion in the title. But that is all the word pastoral does here; it opens up the vast expanse of allusion where the listener is free to choose individual ways for imagination to go. The music illustrates nothing so detailed as that of the previous symphony. Some of the sounds and phrases seem to belong to the countryside rather than to the town where they would be incongruous. Farther than that, suggestion does not go. It is music of remarkable individuality, especially in the rough, heavy gait of the scherzo (fairly animated but with the general admonition *moderato*) and in the wordless cantilena for voice that begins the final *Lento* and ends the whole work. Ponderous is the word to describe this music, for that word has meanings both of weight and also of weighty thought and pondering poetic vision.

The fourth, simply styled Symphony in F Minor, suggests nothing definite, unless it be that, in the thirteen years since the previous symphony, a man with an aware mind had to turn to something other than themes such as the sea as a means of communication between friends, or London as a town that intermittently could contain beauty, or the countryside as a place in

'Let the young adventurer branch out into all known and unknown directions.' Vaughan Williams. Mary Flexner Lectures, Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, 1932.

which a free spirit could dream. The fourth symphony startled admirers of Vaughan Williams's more or less (they thought) leisurely and lyrical music; for this was harsh to the ear; it was called grim; it was, perhaps, a warning. There are certain soft passages of great eloquence. But it is Satan's music from *Job* that provides the sinews of these four movements. Let us recall that the symphony appeared in 1935. In the midst of the catastrophic events then in full blast, the next symphony appeared.

By then, the comparatively small public which listens to symphonies written since Brahms had accepted the grimness of Vaughan Williams's fourth, living as they were in times which that symphony seemed to symbolise. There were also those who knew by then that Vaughan Williams had the true piercing poetic foresight. We were thus prepared for the fifth, we said.

From that surprise we have not yet recovered, and still one hears people say the fifth is too long or too diffuse or too uneventful; which may equally signify our own inability to see, in these ill-formed days, a vision of such serenity without shrinking from its implications. What does this symphony imply? It is calm in motion, generous in outline, flushed with warm exaltation of sound and of thought. To what does it look forward? Some reasonable future, possibly, attainable in a reasonable world. But... and that minute conjunction stirs us uneasily as we listen (to the Romanza with its overtones of Bunyan, to the hallelujahs that crowd in upon that movement and the last, to the horn call that starts the symphony and comes from no elfland) and at the end the vision makes the return to actuality for some, and in some circumstances, singularly comfortless. The work is too sane, secure and sure to be safe, we say.

When 'Symphony No. 6 in E minor' was announced for performance, speculation became rapidly active, wild, and ran remarkably high for music of that kind. After the fourth had jolted our slumbering imaginations and the fifth had left us wistful, regretful, even uncomfortable, what would this do, what would its 'meaning' be? It turned out to be a question left for the listener to answer. The question is put in the last movement. That *Moderato* is astonishing music. It seems to start from nowhere, comes from the confines of silence, never reaches more than semi-audibility (or so memory says) and ends with this question. The preceding three movements have prepared the way for it, displaying often roughly, and with drastic logic, matters that appeal to us as contemporaneous, matters to do, presumably, with the question whither? Thus ends the last of Vaughan Williams's symphonies, as far as is at present known.

There remains the figure of the man. Not his person, the great height of him even though there is a stoop, the ample muscular breadth, the thinker's noble head. None of that will have appeared from these paragraphs. But it has been known for long that 'all that we are is what we have thought.' What a musician thinks is expressed in his music. Discover that and we shall know the quality of his thought. That will help in getting in touch with his spirit and eventually laying ours bare to his touch. When this has been done, the commonplaces of a man's life in a small Surrey town are of less account.

In Vaughan Williams's symphonies (which, let me repeat, should be studied in conjunction with the works that surround them) there is evidence of much thought taken. That thought can be heard spreading wide and going deep and high. It is the kind of mental activity that finds fulfilment especially in the symphony. I have suggested that it be called symphonic thought when applied to a musician. Such a musician, we should be able then to say, has the symphonic type of mind. It is a rarer type of mind than might at first be imagined, but every age has produced it and the great men of each age have by its means explained that age to itself. The world today contains a few musicians of symphonic stature. One of them is Vaughan Williams.

THE PANTOMIME SEASON

RICHARD FINDLATER

THIS is the season of witches in over two hundred English theatres, the climate of pantomime, that strange theatrical limbo of the English mind. In this lopsided world a host of conflicting elements are reconciled in one untidy but enduring compromise: East meets West, fairy meets clown, animals talk, men and women exchange sexes, and nursery love affairs mixed with smoking-room jokes decorate a piebald, glittering and perennial festival which combines the pagan feast and the Nonconformist Christmas. In this climate anything is possible, with the aid of fairies, demons and electricians: the exotic becomes familiar, and the humdrum takes a halo. Anachronism is its essence, for with that magnificent disregard of the calendar which is behind all popular art, the pantomime scorns the laws of time, place and gravity. It is the quintessential entertainment of the English theatre.

Yet pantomime is more than a specifically English institution, for in its stories the spectator, adult or child, dips into the crumbling world of myth, into a vast hinterland of symbolism and legend and ritual, to which nearly all the routes are now blocked. All fairy stories have a common source, and the popular heroes of every country have their national counterparts: in this country, as it happens, the national heroes have been largely ousted from the stage by French, Italian and even Hindu figures.

There is a third level in the appreciation of pantomime. The pantomime of today is largely the creation of Victorian writers and actors, and it has remained, in patches, tinged with the Victorian weather of the mind. Thus, behind the permanent ambiguities of the myth stories and their poetical allegories, there are overnotes of the social and psychic conflicts of the nineteenth century. To this cause, I believe, may be traced the curious sexual ambience about contemporary pantomime, which is not altogether due to the calculated prurience of modern showmanship. It is as if, in many respects, the English panto were a museum of social attitudes. It is clear, for instance, that the pantomime is a celebration of reversals, for it mocks the established order, taking its revenges on family, on law and on sex. How often, for example, are the family laws attacked, obliquely but quite clearly, as the Wicked Uncle, the Stepmother, the Stepfather: the son attacks the despotic power of the Relation, as Jack, for example, the only

son, avenges his mother on the Giant, and takes his gold as his own right. The policeman, too, has been a favourite butt, from the time of the Harlequinade, and the Swell or the Toff (who today, significantly, is often replaced by the Sissy) is also the recognised target for the knockabout fun that is still a staple of pantomime humour. The essence of pantomime, in the themes that have survived today, is in the motif of liberation and reversal. The sword, the magic lamp, the cat, the glass slipper, the magic slogan are all agents of reversal—reversal of fortune (Aladdin), of class (Cinderella), of natural law (Sinbad), and of death (The Sleeping Princess)—and though the reversal is accomplished by magic, yet it is on the whole at the expense of the satanic powers.

That affirmation of the good is one of the characteristic features of the compromise that is pantomime, of its balanced dualism. For while it concerns reversal, it always preaches a reinforcement of the order it attacks, a dualism already inherent in many myths, but emphasised by the Victorian tailoring of the stories. It breaks up the routine of life, but it returns to the English domestic peace. Aladdin's ambition, for example, is to settle down in a comfortable

home with the latest modern conveniences, and the culmination of every pantomime, as of many fairy stories, is the happy ending of the sexless marriage or the victory of the normal. In spite of the often priapic tone, the notable feature of pantomime (and it is no doubt one reason why many earnest Victorian fathers exempted it from the general embargo on visits to the theatre) is its morality. Certainly, the good are always beautiful; the plain are ludicrous; the ugly are evilly disposed. In that respect it mirrors the morality of the pagan, or the child. But it also affirms that the good are always victorious, and the bad are always stupid, which is a good deal less probable and is essentially Christian (Church of England) in its optimism. The white are so white, and the black are so black, and there's always a friend or a saviour within

reach. That assurance of protection makes complete the child's Christmas pantomime, for it reaffirms his faith in the homeliness of the universe.

The appeal of the pantomime, however, rests in the fact that it did not only console, but that it stimulated, for it provided the Enemy in the Ogre, the Giant, or the substitute-parent. (Adults found their enemies here, too, conveniently pilloried.) Although the magic animal or the fairy princess might always win, it was often a close shave, and the drama of the struggle between Demon Rat and Fairy Queen for the mortal hero or heroine was a parody of the guerrilla warfare which, according to the Church, was being maintained between Heaven and Hell for each individual soul. In this respect, the pantomime probably owes something to the mediaeval miracle play, one of its many ancestors, for there is some correspondence between the Demon King and Beelzebub, the Clown and the Vice, and between the train of angels and the fairy band. It also has obvious links with the 'magic contest'

that is a feature in the lives of many mystics and magi, and which represents the victory of Christianity over the old Orphic cults of sacrifice and magic.

It may seem extravagant to read this mixture of affirmation and revolt into the spectacular entertainments provided this Christmas all over England. It is certainly often difficult to distinguish the modern panto from the music-hall show or the

revue, now that the conventions of Harlequin, Columbine and Clown have died away, and that modern ballet has absorbed the mime of the Harlequinade. The Christmas pantomime is now structurally a succession of 'speciality' acts, produced to a standard pattern. As late as Edwardian days, in spite of the innovations of Augustus ('Druriolanus') Harris at Drury Lane, there was a flourishing network of regional pantomimes, in which local designers, artists, composers and actors were employed, but today the same songs are sung and the same jokes are delivered in Bolton as in Norwich, with stars imported from some headquarters in a distant town. Pantomime is now, in fact, a prosperous light industry which gives seasonal employment to some 30,000 people, and it is controlled by a few men whose influence has to some extent limited the number of themes and the distinction of its theatrical form. Yet, in spite of this centralisation and Americanisation—part of a general social process—pantomime retains its essential features, and the acts and arts are coloured by the traditional settings.

Thousands of people pay their only visit to a theatre at this season, and pantomime profits help many small theatres to keep open during the rest of the year. Will the glamour hold; will the industry continue to find a demand for Mother Goose, Cinderella and Robin Hood, in an age of television, radio and cinema? It is true that the number of pantomimes has been reduced since the 1918 war, but there is no sign that its popularity as an institution, as a family ritual, has decreased. It will continue to remain popular, I believe, not only because of the power of its themes, but because its peculiar blending of interests satisfies some uneasy appetite for balance in the English mind.

* * *

The pantomime originated in the seventeenth century, the age of the birth of good prose, novels, women actors, and coffee houses, and like these, it came, immediately, from France. After the Restoration many French performers came to the English fairs in the wake of the returning Stuarts, bringing the characters of Scapin and Scaramouche, and making widely popular a Gallicised form of the Commedia dell'Arte. The fairs of Bartholomew, Southwark and Smithfield were at that time popular among the Court circle and its intellectual parasites, for the Court theatre, hamstrung by classical theory and traditional acting methods, was growing

steadily duller. French influence dominated both theatre and fair; the French style of intoning dominated English acting until the time of Macklin and Garrick, and French dancing-masters and

tumblers carried away the palm from the traditional English puppet-shows and folk-heroes. Harlequin, once and for all, as it seemed, ousted Guy of Warwick and Dick Whittington. The French and Italian entertainments in the fair-booths combined mythology and song, mixing classical fragments with dances and Harlequinades. Their style was imitated by John Weaver, an English dancing-master, who produced what is regarded as the first British pantomime, *The Tavern Bilkers*, in 1702, but the fashion was launched by that nimble Scrooge and skinflint artist, John Rich, who is generally known as 'the father of British pantomime', and who produced the successful *Harlequin Sorcerer* at Lincolns Inn Fields to recoup the theatre's fortunes, threatened as it was by the other patent theatre in Drury Lane. Rich, as Harlequin, was a theatrical sensation, and from that time the two theatres competed in ever-accelerating extravagance for the custom of the public in spectacular pantomime. As the entertainment was in dumb-show, the spectacle inevitably grew richer, and throughout the century there were bitter protests by 'straight' actors against a public taste which preferred this gallimaufry of mythological story and Harlequinade knockabout and magic. It was in some degree, however, their own responsibility, for the London audiences of the time plainly hankered for relief from the turgid tragic acting of the bigwigs. And pantomime did, in fact, have a considerable effect not only on acting technique, but on technical progress.

During the century the pantomime continued to gain popularity. The subjects were mythological, topical, satirical: there was an appetite for the exotic, and the producers closely followed the trend of current events with, for example, the capture of Allahabad or Captain Cook's discoveries in the South Pacific. But the subjects which now dominate the pantomime industry were still largely unused, though many were already popular in Paris, and others were perennial favourites in the fairs, where a crude pantomime still persisted, and among ballad-singers and strolling players. The main technical innovation was that the 'opening' expanded at the expense of the Harlequinade, a tendency which reached full expression in the pantomimes of Blanchard, a prolific Victorian writer for the stage. Grimaldi had brought the Harlequinade to its high summer, but after his death romance and spectacle began to push the Clown, the Harlequin and the Pantaloon out of the entertainment. The speaking pantomime also became established; the French influence increased through the medium of Planché, the populariser of Perrault's fairy stories; speciality turns and ballets were introduced, and in the reign of Augustus Druriolanus the old Harlequinade

was left only as a vestigial stump at the end of the show.

The form of our contemporary pantomime was largely set in the middle of the century. Harlequin and the Pantaloon have now disappeared, apparently without trace, though there is perhaps a suspicion of Harlequin in the 'private investigator' of urban mythology, and Pantaloon survives in the 'old 'un' of Will Hay's music-hall act. ('Hello, old 'un' was the traditional entrance-line of the Clown in the Harlequinade.) But it is notable that Pantaloon today, far from being insulted and treated as an old booby, is in fact a wily and astute old gentleman, who gets the better of his juniors. Columbine, that sexless pink-and-white maiden, survives in the colourless figure of the Principal Girl, who has stayed more or less fixed in type

as the submissive Victorian miss, the helpless virgin, the red rag to the feminist, so often rescued by her Friend (more than a hint of Lesbianism here) from a rape euphemistically referred to as marriage against her will. (Is she not also the ritual sacrifice to the Moloch ogre-god, rescued in the nick of time by young Orpheus—Jack/Jill from the under/overworld?)

The Friend, that curious bi-sexual figure of the Principal Boy, also made his/her first appearance in the middle of the century. The woman dressed as a man had already acted in burlesques and extravaganzas: as early as 1813, Mrs. Charles Kemble had appeared in *Aladdin*, a melodrama at Covent Garden in which Grimaldi played the part of Kazrac, but it was not until 1852 that the first pantomime principal boy is reported to have appeared —Miss Billington, in *The Good Woman in*

the Wood, at the Lyceum. This sex-reversal has its counterpart in the traditional male performance of the Dame (father playing mother?) and there is no completely satisfactory explanation of its popularity. It does, in some sense, mirror the homosexual leanings of the young child, and it acts as a counterbalance to the story of romantic courtship, completing the circle of unreality.

Some analysis of the stories of modern pantomimes is of interest in this context. There are now about eighteen themes in the pantomime repertory, of which only some eight are regular favourites—Cinderella, Robinson Crusoe, the Babes in the Wood, Jack and the Beanstalk, Red Riding Hood, Mother Goose, Dick Whittington and Aladdin. Yet of the five hundred and twenty odd pantomimes produced between 1800 and 1850, these numbered only a tiny proportion. To some extent their survival may be regarded as arbitrary and as the result of centralised theatre-control, but a comparison of their themes with those of the four hundred odd rivals reveals that they do express a quintessential pantomime-myth. They contain simple, string story-frames, and they are imbued with the sense of reversals which I have described above. Most of the themes originate in the *Arabian Nights* or in Perrault's collection of fairy tales. In 1697, Perrault's *Contes de ma Mère l'Oie ou Histoire du Temps Passé, avec des Moralités* appeared in Paris, and some seven years later Antoine Galland's translation of *The Thousand and One Nights* began to appear. In 1724 some of the most famous animal-stories of the East were translated into French, as *Contes et Fables Indiennes de Bidpai et de Gokan*. These chimed in with the contemporary taste for exoticism, and had an immediate effect on Parisian burlesque and pantomime, achieving their most marked success in Favart's fairy operas. It was from Favart that David Garrick borrowed when he was compelled by the popular taste to stage pantomime at Covent Garden, and pantomime-plotters also drew on an English collection called *Tales of the Genii, or The Delightful Lessons of Horam, the Son of Asmar*, by a chaplain to the East India Company, James Ridley. Although such themes were occasionally used in London burlesque and melodrama, they were not generally adopted in pantomime until the 1830's.

* * *

Meanwhile the old legends of English folk-lore were continued in the underground theatre, the theatre of the fairs and of the strolling players—Dick Whittington, Mother Shipton, Hop of My Thumb, Guy of Warwick, and many more. It is regrettable that there was no English Perrault to collect and to sift the folk tales of the English villages, but at that time the

watchword was Reason, and intellectuals damned superstition, imagination and tradition in all its forms.

Even after the widespread adoption of Perrault themes in the 1830's, a wide variety of subjects continued to be seen in

English pantomimes. At the Old Brit and the Grecian, for example, pantomimes with eccentrically individual themes were staged for many years, giving scope to the acrobatic talents of the Conquests and the Lupinos. But the field was gradually narrowed.

The libretti of modern pantomimes remain largely unchanged: the comedians bring their own patter, the topical jokes are shuffled, the songs are borrowed from the film successes, though old music-hall songs and chestnuts are indispensable. Once launched, a pantomime lumbers on from Christmas to Christmas, adding scraps of protective colouring here and there, for as long as thirty years. Its flexibility has been its saving as an institution, for it has retained its essential difference under a thin camouflage of modernity. With each change in structure its extinction has been predicted, but every obituary notice has been previous.

The possibility of experiment is at the moment blocked by the financial control but it is surprising how the pantomime has been ignored by those groups which stand for theatrical experiment, except by the London Unity Theatre, whose political pantomimes, deservedly popular, indicated how the form could be adapted to meet new needs. In the 'nineties, William Archer called for a new deal for pantomime, for its development as an art: twenty years ago Willson Disher echoed him. The pantomime still has great possibilities untouched. It is a form waiting to be used: what rich promise there is in this soil for the poet, the artist and the composer. I do not suggest aesthetic pastiche or poetic whimsy. The British pantomime is essentially the creation of the theatre, and outside the theatre it cannot live. But there is room in its framework for new literary experiment and new dramatic syntheses. Here is a form of theatre which is already widely popular: here is the convention of heightened speech, for the archaic diction and sentimentality of the lovers and fairies in pantomime is instinctively accepted, and is in fact a balance to the colloquialism of the clowns: here is a set of ripe theatrical conventions ready to be transformed. In many ways the pantomime is the art least afflicted by outworn naturalism, and most adaptable to the new conventions whose application must precede any advance in English theatrical production. It is also based on a selective mythology whose

irrelevance to contemporary art is only superficial, and which might well stimulate new achievements in the theatre.

It may be asserted that past attempts to create original pantomime have failed, as attempts to export it to France and America have failed. But precedents are made by the English to be broken. It is the secret of their parliament and their pantomime.

AN INQUIRY INTO
THE BRITISH OPERA

This is the third of our surveys inquiring into various industries and national activities. An Inquiry into the Theatre, with an Introduction by Basil Dean, appeared in our November issue; a survey of Publishing, with a commentary by Herbert Read, last month. Our next inquiry will be devoted to a discussion of contemporary painting in Britain—Eds., *World Review*

INTRODUCTION
By EDWARD J. DENT

In foreign countries it is still an ineradicable belief that England is a land without music, and fifty years ago most English people would have accepted it as true. Some, indeed, would have been rather proud of it. It was an understood thing that such few people in England as did want to hear music imported it, performers included, from abroad. A few foreigners of exceptional intelligence discovered later on that we were more musical than they had imagined, but the question was often asked—'How is it that London, the wealthiest city in the world, has no permanent National Opera like Paris, Berlin and Vienna?' Our patriotic critics replied complacently, 'We are not an operatic nation,' adding rather smugly, 'we prefer oratorio.'

Since the end of the last war we have all gone crazy over ballet, and that craze has really done us a great deal of good, for it has made us generally more ready to enjoy modern music and to accept an entertainment based entirely on music, and music of a much higher quality than was associated with ballet in the days of the old Empire Theatre. Through ballet our general public has been led on towards opera, and at the present day there is certainly an increasing public for opera, and for opera in English. On the top of that has come the amazing success of *Peter Grimes*, an opera that is English and native in every sense, although for even sophisticated audiences its musical idiom is uncompromisingly modern and by no means easy to understand. None the less, *Peter Grimes*, since its first performance in June 1945, has become steadily more and more popular, and it is at this moment a definite box-office success, and a success due not to star singers but to the work itself.

Mr. Ivor Jones, in his careful survey of present-day operatic conditions in England, indicates clearly that the favourable moment has now come for the establishment of a permanent National English Opera, parallel to the national opera houses of foreign countries. How far his figures and his statements are strictly accurate, I am

unable to say, but I think they may be taken as at least reasonably representative. It is certainly true that the present Government, for the first time in English history, has made up its mind that National Opera ought to be generously supported out of national funds. When the first of all operas was staged at Florence in 1597, it was an isolated production for the entertainment of a wealthy and cultivated Court; even when opera was first commercialised and thrown open to a paying public at Venice in 1637, its audience was wealthy and aristocratic, and on the Continent opera remained a diversion for princes and paid for by princes until the time of Napoleon. The first English operas, beginning in 1656, that is, during the Commonwealth, were rather amateurish experiments, and never enjoyed a royal subsidy. King Charles II took a friendly interest in opera, but had no intention of financing it himself. The imported Italian opera, which began in the reign of Queen Anne, was privately financed up to 1939; Royalty attended it and sometimes subscribed to it, but never bore the entire responsibility, which was undertaken by a succession of syndicates and committees. The backers were sometimes noblemen, and sometimes wealthy commoners who hoped by this means to get into aristocratic society. From Anne to Victoria and beyond, the Italian (and eventually international) opera in London was above all things exclusive and fashionable, whoever paid for it. On the Continent it was habitually paid for by the reigning monarch, great or small.

Native English opera existed, and so did native German opera, but on the humblest scale; musical historians try to make the most of it, but in both countries it was artistically negligible. The idea of National Opera and permanent repertory opera hardly existed before 1800 in any country. In Germany at that date, and indeed up to about 1830, such operatic repertory as there was, was mainly French and Italian translated; Weber, as an opera director, was in just the same position as Mr. Collingwood at Sadler's Wells a century later in his frantic struggles to establish a really native opera. Before 1800 there was no 'standard repertory', because the audiences always wanted new operas every year—a much healthier state of mind than that of modern audiences everywhere, who prefer the endless repetition of their old favourites. The political and social changes which followed the age of Napoleon created the gradual desire for opera that should be national as well as royal, and the new outlook persuaded German princes that it was their duty to pay for opera, not as a Court amusement, but as a contribution to the cultural education of their subjects.

Queen Victoria and Prince Albert seem to have had some glimmering of this doctrine; they did not subsidise the growing school of English opera, but they cordially encouraged it. Real English opera may be said to have begun with Weber's *Oberon* in 1826, composed for Covent Garden to an original English libretto. It was the success of *Oberon* which led to the later outburst of native opera, remembered now only by *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*. But the exclusive aristocracy despised these things; they were operas for 'the masses', and they preferred to import Italians. The 'masses' in those days were not sufficiently educated to keep English opera alive, and it is only since 1945 that general musical education in this country has risen to the operatic temperature.

What we ought to aim at is the establishment of two national opera houses in London, on the lines of the Grand-Opéra and the Opéra-Comique in Paris. At

both houses opera is performed all the year round, apart from normal vacations, and in the national language. Both houses are more or less equal in artistic status and in social status too. The repertory is divided between them according to size: large-scale and spectacular operas at the Opéra and more intimate operas at the Opéra-Comique; duplication of repertory is so rare as to be practically non-existent. There is another alternative which some people would prefer: Sadler's Wells still operates under a charter which lays down that it is to provide opera for the poorer classes at the cheapest possible prices. We might, then, regard our two houses as essentially different in prices and in audiences—a 'Royal Opera' for the rich at Covent Garden and a 'People's Opera' for the poor at Sadler's Wells. Readers must judge for themselves which system they think the more appropriate to the world of today.

If we follow the example of Paris, we must have closer co-operation between the two houses, so as to avoid duplication of repertory; if we emphasise class distinction, duplication is inevitable. That system was initiated by Bishop during the Regency; like Miss Baylis a century later, he thought that the poor ought to be able to enjoy Mozart and Rossini in English as well as the exclusive set which went to the Italian opera. It is perhaps appropriate that Bishop was the composer of *Home, Sweet Home*. But in these days there are not enough wealthy people to keep Covent Garden going as an Italian (or international) Opera, and the expense of it would be (as Mr. Jones shows) fantastic. If the Royal Opera were paid for by the King himself, as the Court theatres used to be in Germany, the taxpayer would have nothing to say in the matter; but the modern taxpayer might well complain if he had to pay for the luxuries of an aristocratic minority. A state subsidy for opera is indispensable, and it is to the credit of a Labour Government that they have at least seen that National Opera is no less important to the country than the National Gallery and the British Museum.

The weakness of the present system is that the organisers of opera in London have no idea of a long-term policy. They might reply that financial conditions, and political conditions, too, force them to live from hand to mouth and to play for safety, clinging desperately to the old favourites and fearing to try any new experiments. The ballet has more courage. It is faithful to *Sylphides* and *Giselle*, but it is always bringing out new works, and the ballet audience demands them. And thanks mainly to the inspiring personality of Miss De Valois, our dancers show a keen sense of *esprit de corps* and an almost religious devotion to their art and to their theatre as well. We need the same spirit among the opera singers. It is certainly perceptible at Sadler's Wells and eventually it might be built up at Covent Garden. We need it, too, among our critics and connoisseurs, who seem to take no pride in helping to build up a really national institution and are interested only in awarding marks to individual singers for their top notes. They are always lamenting the glories of the past and would like to return to the days of Queen Victoria. They would serve the cause of their country's music better if they would bury the past and leave it to dry-as-dust musicologists like myself, and would scold us as severely as they liked for our bad translations, our slovenly English pronunciation, our ungainly gestures and indifference to acting, and for all the absurdities and stupidities that make opera completely unintelligible to the common man in the audience who sees an opera for the first time in his life. It is for him that

we must produce our operas, not for the hangers-on of the Continental festivals.

Mr. Jones is unduly contemptuous, I think, of the operatic training given in our schools of music. I have watched carefully for some years the work of the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College and the Guildhall School; their system of instruction is admirable, both in singing, enunciation and acting, and I have often found their student performances far more convincing than those of the professional companies. It is worse than useless to send young singers to private coaches who only teach them to despise their own language and ruin their voices in trying to 'make a big noise like a foreigner.' We need to forget the past and concentrate all our energies on the future, towards the gradual building up—and it must needs be very gradual—of a really English style of performing and composing English Opera for the English people of all classes.

THE STATE OF OPERA TODAY

IVOR JONES

It was once an axiom that to present unfamiliar opera to the British public was to ask for bankruptcy. The reason was that the public knew what it liked, and would pay to see it; what it did not know, it could not like—and that meant failure. Since the war, the truth has become more formidable. Now, anyone who presents any opera in London is asking for bankruptcy, unless he has the state behind him in the shape of the Arts Council.

The obvious inference from this would be that the public has now decided that it does not like opera at all, familiar or strange. But, paradoxically, in the last three years audiences have probably been larger than ever before. As opera recovered from the war, it became clear that its public had grown. Since then it has held its popularity, in spite of the slump which is threatening the theatre at large, and at Covent Garden well over seventy-five per cent of the seats are now regularly filled except for the least popular works.

Who are these new opera-goers? Some may be drawn from the many thousands who learned to listen to broadcast music during the war. Others may be men from the Forces who heard and liked opera in Italy. These certainly seem to be the most militant of the new devotees. Parties, which often number over two hundred, have been going from many factories, offices and shops to see performances at one or other of the London opera houses. In almost every case it turns out that these parties have been organised by an ex-Serviceman. But, for whatever reason, the result was that early last year the three major London theatres at which opera was being presented—Covent Garden, Sadler's Wells and the Cambridge—were taking over ten thousand pounds a week between them.

This sounds impressive, but it does not mean that the post-war audience is careless with its money. At most performances there is little trouble in filling most of the cheaper seats, but sales-resistance grows when the nine-shilling mark is reached. Towards the stalls and the dress circle the audience tends to thin out—and it is at these parts of the house that a management looks to decide how heavy its losses are going to be. The problem is, how to fill them now that there is no aristocratic hierarchy supporting opera, and now that its successor—the middle class—is feeling the pinch? At one theatre at least a certain proportion of the more expensive seats have been disposed of at lower prices by letting them off in blocks to parties. Thus, a complete loss is converted into a partial one.

The new public is, in fact, a popular one, marked neither by an assembly of tiaras nor a high level of taste. Most of its members have heard so few really good singers,

A scene from Benjamin Britten's Peter Grimes

if any, that they have no standards of comparison. But in another way this audience is probably the most exacting opera has ever had. It demands above everything else realistic presentation, which in turn calls for a high level of production, *décor* and acting. It has been brought up on the cinema, which is unlikely either to breed musical taste, or to encourage an easy acceptance of the more outrageous operatic conventions.

In terms of the repertoire, it seems that today's audience is neither more mature nor more naïve than the pre-war one. It still, with a few significant exceptions, discriminates against the operas it does not know. The B.B.C.'s listener research organisation has found that the ratio of people tuning in to familiar and unfamiliar opera is two to one. Which works are most popular? Before the war, experience of Covent Garden seasons showed that the repertoire could be divided into three categories: winners, near-winners and new works. The winners were *La Bohème, Madame Butterfly, Faust, Aida, Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci, Carmen, Die Fledermaus* and *The Barber of Seville. Il Trovatore* and *Traviata* were winners only if the cast was good. The near-winners were *The Marriage of Figaro, Manon Lescaut, Tosca* and *Don Giovanni*. Varying this was a tendency for a near-winner to become a success, but only for a limited period. There might be a vogue for *Tosca* lasting for five years, but one for *Don Giovanni* was likely to survive only for two. Wagner had no great popularity, but that was so even in Germany, where in 1938 there were 354 performances of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and 317 of *Madame Butterfly* against a mere eighty-four of *The Ring*.

In the main, this order still stands, although there has almost certainly been some change of taste in Britain since the pre-war seasons. Wagner is now doing well at Covent Garden, while *Carmen* has lost some of its popularity. It is no longer true that new works will inevitably be greeted with an empty house. At Covent Garden, again, *Peter Grimes*, by Benjamin Britten, was played before an average audience of eighty per cent capacity, which is high for any work. But with exceptions of these kinds—slight changes in the order of established pieces, and a better reception for new, native productions—the distinction between the familiar and unfamiliar remains. Lesser-known works, whatever their merits, will still not fill the house, and during the performances of *Boris Godounov* at Covent Garden, thirty-five per cent of the total seats were empty.

Rising Costs

To keep their takings at the highest possible level, British opera companies are still forced to stick to the stock repertoire that has been the death of so many others in the past. It was said of Dame Lillian Baylis, during the time that she was running Sadler's Wells, that whenever audiences showed signs of falling off, she would save the situation by presenting *Faust*. Significantly, when the same theatre revived *Faust* with a new production last year, it was full almost to capacity.

Still, the fact remains that houses can be, and have been, filled. It is also true that, in spite of the difficulty of selling the more expensive seats, the audience has been paying more per head than before the war. Opera has benefited by the general rise in theatre prices, though not a large one, which has followed the increase in

Entertainment Tax. Since all the operatic companies but one are exempt from this tax, the price increase represents so much additional income to them.

But neither larger audiences nor dearer seats have been sufficient to offset the crippling rise in expenses which has marked the last few years. In 1939 members of a London chorus were paid between £4 10s. and £5 a week. Now they are receiving from £7 10s. to £8. The Carl Rosa Company, which spends most of its time on tour, is now paying singers in its chorus £7 a week compared with a former £3. Payment to principals has also risen, although not to the same degree. Orchestras are at least as great a burden. Their cost has risen in a steady crescendo. This is nothing new—in fact, the increase in musicians' wages is probably the most important reason why opera has become increasingly uneconomic over the past thirty years—but, even so, £17 a week is a great deal to pay one player. Then, besides the singers and musicians, come the corps of auxiliaries every opera company needs if it is to maintain a high standard of presentation. Electricians, stage-hands, carpenters, wardrobe staff, front-of-house employees and the rest—their wages have all risen, too. So that, in London, no opera company is now able to pay its way. This can best be seen by looking at the companies individually. First, Covent Garden, the home of opera in Britain. The theatre, used as a dance-hall during the war, reopened in 1946 under the direction of a Trust, which is run as a public foundation. Its policy is to present opera in English, to stage new British works, and to help composers by commissioning new ones. Wherever possible, it uses British singers, although this has been impracticable in many leading rôles.

Public and Private Grants

The Covent Garden pay-roll is in keeping with the needs of Metropolitan opera. A full symphony orchestra of eighty-five players is employed, costing about £1,600 a week. There are eighty singers in the chorus, which is now one of the best in the

Albert Herring, *another of Britten's operas*

world. Presentation is on a lavish, occasionally almost Hollywood scale, and a new production now means an outlay of about £8,000. This is eight times the entire yield of a full house. Critics of the administration of Covent Garden have said that its spending is too lavish, and at times this may have been true. For *Boris Godounov* it was thought essential that the cast should look impressively tall, and it was provided with boots having built-up heels. But over the greater part of the house the audience was quite unaware of this, since the relative heights of the singers were unchanged; and the effect was lost, together with the expenditure on the boots. What saving could be made in this sort of direction only an accountant could say, but it is unlikely that what, after all, are minor economics could make Covent Garden's ends meet.

How far its ends are from meeting can be seen from the grants it has received from the Arts Council. For the year 1946–7 it was given £55,000 for opera, of which £30,000 was in the form of a special grant by the Treasury. The Arts Council grant for 1947–8 was £60,000, and this has been doubled for the current year. These figures exclude help for ballet which shares the Covent Garden stage. Nor is this the whole story. Financial responsibility for the Trust is borne by Boosey & Hawkes Ltd., the music publishers; and Mr. Leslie Boosey has said that by the end of the year his

Company will have lost about £25,000 at Covent Garden.

These figures can be compared with pre-war losses. Then, Covent Garden presented international seasons of opera for which artists were recruited abroad. This alone made costs high—one conductor received £600 for a single performance—but even so, losses were lower. In 1933 they amounted to only a few hundred pounds. That was unusually low, and more typical was one of Sir Thomas Beecham's seasons with a deficit of rather more than £1,000 a week. But if this rate were possible today, the cost of Covent Garden would be only a fraction of the present figure.

A British Opera Tradition

Sadler's Wells, with a smaller house and cheaper seats, pursues a similar policy to Covent Garden, though on a more modest scale. The orchestra and chorus cost about half those of Covent Garden. Principals are paid less and expected to sing more. The average cost of a new production is about £3,000. But here again opera is only maintained with the help of the Arts Council, whose grant has been raised to £35,000 for the current year. Compare this with the pre-war position. From 1937, Sadler's Wells was paying its way with its productions of opera and ballet. It was probably true, as it is now, that ballet paid the better of the two; but any subsidy that opera received in this way from inside the theatre could not have been on the scale of the help that is now being received from outside.

Companies which are not receiving public support are in much the same case. Under the management of Mr. Jay Pomeroy, the New London Opera Company has presented three seasons at the Cambridge Theatre. The scale of productions, particularly in the number of singers and orchestral players employed, was considerably less lavish than at Covent Garden. But at the end of his second season, in May, it was said that Mr. Pomeroy, who had by that time presented opera to a total of three quarters of a million people, had also lost about £100,000 in the process. Mr. Pomeroy, who is a well-known business man, says the money was put up by himself and his friends.

Losses in private operatic ventures are by no means confined to Mr. Pomeroy. Since 1934 Mr. John Christie has been presenting opera at his small theatre at Glyndebourne in Sussex. Its standards have been unusually high for this country, and the charges equally high. So far Mr. Christie, who inherited £300,000 from an aunt, is said to have lost £50,000 in this venture. In the past two years his Company has been given some support by the Arts Council.

Not that opera cannot be made to pay in present-day Britain. Proof that it can is the Carl Rosa Company, which is still the only means by which the greater part of the public outside London is able to see any opera at all. With the help of large audiences, it has been able to some extent to offset increasing costs and keep in the black. But to do this, it has also had to cut its staff considerably, and to cut its transport costs by reducing its repertoire from twelve operas to nine. In spite of all this, its expenses on tour are now about £2,000 a week, as against £800 before the war.

But the Carl Rosa Company is an exception, and opera can now only be run in Britain with the backing of either the state or private sponsors. As for the latter, costs have now risen to a point where no one person can be expected to foot the bill out of his own pocket. Moreover, before the war a sponsor could, for purposes of super-tax, offset his losses in opera against his gains in business or his income from property. Now, the two must be kept separate, apart from minor exceptions, and the loss from opera is a loss indeed.

British opera, then, is likely in future to become more and more dependent on public funds. Most of this money will be devoted to developing national opera, whether at Covent Garden or at Sadler's Wells, or through smaller organisations such as the English Opera Group. This was formed in 1947 by Benjamin Britten, Eric Crozier and John Piper to present and encourage the writing of British chamber

opera. It has staged Britten's *Albert Herring* and *Rape of Lucretia* on tour and in London, and was in 1947 given the backing of the Arts Council to the extent of £3,000.

All these groups have set themselves the same task of helping to build a British tradition in opera. How is it to be carried out? There are two main needs: composers and singers. The repertoire from British composers has not been so far a rich one, and what works there are have seldom been performed. Opera has never been considered a field in which British musicians were likely to shine, but unexpectedly a group of composers is now emerging here, which is the most promising in the world. Britten has already an international name; Sadler's Wells has presented a new opera by Anthony Hopkins, and Walton and Bliss are also said to be at work on operas.

A Plan for Opera

Britain today has no outstanding singers, but then there are probably only two in the world. More important, it cannot provide principals for its own Metropolitan opera house, or even give a proper training to newcomers to opera. This is clearly not a task for the established colleges of music, and at present teaching is confined to coaching within the companies—for example, Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells share an instructor, and the New English Opera Company has the services of Dino Borgioli. But there is no central school with the reputation and facilities to attract singers, especially those who are already able to make a living by concert or B.B.C. work.

Such a school is a crying need, and there are signs that its nucleus at least is being formed. A studio set up by the English Opera Group is now being expanded under the direction of Miss Joan Cross and is giving lessons in stage-craft and dramatic interpretation. This venture is being supported by the Arts Council, and its advisory panel includes representatives of the Covent Garden Trust and Sadler's Wells. Another good sign, since British singers are needing the help of foreign teachers, is that steps are now being taken to bring to London one of the most distinguished instructors now working abroad.

But better singers will not provide British opera with a working plan, which is what it lacks at present. There is now so little co-ordination between the various companies that it was possible recently for three of them to present the same work in one week, two of them on the same night. The managements should be able to end this state of affairs between themselves, or in discussions through the opera panel of the Arts Council. If they did, repertoires might be extended. At the same time, steps might be taken to increase the enthusiasm of opera's large potential audience. The B.B.C. finds that familiar operas are listened to by two to three million people, most of whom have probably never been to a live performance. Interest might be encouraged by setting up an organisation similar to the Young People's Opera Circles founded by Percy Heming, which had about 60,000 members when war broke out.

Such a movement might be a foundation for promoting opera in the provinces, where, in the long run, smaller companies will have to be set up if any revolutionary advance is to be made. As well as presenting opera to a public which now rarely hears it at all, these companies could be a training-ground for younger singers, who at present are too often pushed unprepared on to the London stage. A programme of this kind would involve an outlay far above the present subsidies, with the training of new artistic and musical staffs, and in some cases the building of new theatres. It would depend partly on the possibility of municipal support for opera.

What is important now is that the people who are directing opera in this country, and particularly those at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells, should decide what their plan is to be. Given a plan, and continued financial help, British opera has a promising future, and could within ten or twenty years build up a tradition which could be woven into the country's culture as well as its artistic life.

Letter from Rome

A MEETING WITH ROSSELLINI

DEREK MONSEY

ROME is alive, not superbly assertive like Paris, nor with the smug complacency of London, but with an almost painful urgency. The Italians are going through the birthpangs of a new period of culture, and if the first fruits are insignificant, one can remember the story of the last two or three decades and find much to wonder at that the old fertility remains. Though the cars that line the streets are huge, shiny American models, though the skirts the women wear are nearly all of an unidentifiable tartan, the talk, the gesturing and, above all, the laughter that increase as one moves away from the Via Veneto, are all Italian.

It is their quality of life, the energy with which they live, that distinguishes the Italians among the peoples of Europe today.

What lies beneath this surface will prove to be Italy's contribution to Europe, and it is in its interpretation that her artists will make an impression on the West. But it will not be any complex system of philosophy such as Sartre's existentialism. There are probably more Americans than Italians in Rome, who are aware that Santayana is living out his last years in a little convent near the Coliseum. The Italian is sceptical of panaceas and polemics alike—he is satisfied with the reality of what he sees; an anarchist at heart, he is content, and solely concerned, with the inevitable justice of death. That is why Communism is steadily losing even in the industrial north and why, fundamentally, it never gained even a foothold in the near-starvation areas of the south. 'Fontamara' is known in Italy not so much as a political outburst or a literary Marseillaise as for its remarkably poor style in the original tongue; Silone has retired now into an intellectual corner 'somewhere on the right'. Carlo Levi, whose *Christ Stopped at Eboli* was a sensation in America, is at work on another novel. But in Italy he is known primarily as a painter of pleasantly conventional style and his writing created no excitement.

The Italians are concerned about their literature. Bargellini and Papini in Florence are masters of the pure traditional style, but Bargellini on Gozzoli and Ghirlandaio and Papini on philosophy, however well they perform the function of custodians of the art, will not satisfy the demands for creative effort. A book like Giuseppe Berto's *The Sky is Red*, is an achievement, but, as they say, 'one book doesn't make an author', and if you were to ask vaguely for a modern classic in the Corso, the bookseller would still in all probability hand you a reprint of Manzini's *I Promessi Sposi*. The intellectual journals, a crop of which came out after the war, are generally heavy and indigestible and satisfy the Italian palate for only a short time. They appear and disappear with a certain regularity.

This is disappointing. The painters, however, have more to offer. Chirico still exerts an influence, but the recent showing in London of Mario Sironi's pictures points to the common derivation from the Renaissance tradition, one which in Italy seems to gain strength in ratio to the attacks made on it from outside. It pervades the work of the contemporary Florentines, Vespigniani and Rosai, and is more unexpectedly insistent in the Communist leader, Guttuso, a painter with a vividly arresting manner. One of his best-known works, a brilliantly coloured and lively canvas of people on a dance floor, has been blown up to ten times its size and used as a display mural in the Rome showrooms of a firm of typewriter manufacturers.

For neither books nor pictures are selling,

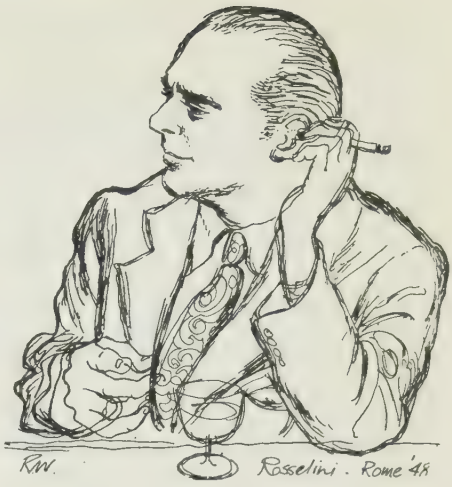
and most of the artists who work in commerce or teach for their subsistence make the universal complaint that the money is in the hands of the wrong people; that those who could afford to support them today have little interest in what they produce. And they have more justification in this than the French, for inflation in Italy has left the professional and intellectual classes poorer than anywhere else on the Continent.

All this seems to run counter to the suggestion that there is an embryonic renaissance to be found in Italy. But the pointer in any country at any time is, I believe, to be discovered in the spirit of its people. The artists know this, of course, and their search is all in the direction of expressing it. But it is certainly more than accidental, as it is significant and peculiarly appropriate, that Italy should produce at this time, as its foremost intellectual, a film director, and such a one as Roberto Rossellini.

Of his films only 'Roma, Citta Aperta' and 'Paisa' have been shown publicly in England. Each was hailed as a masterpiece, as was the sentimentally conceived 'Germania, Anno Zero', when it was exhibited privately. 'Amore', a film composed of two pieces, one from Jean Cocteau's 'Le Téléphon', the other a study in metaphysical hallucination, is a deliberate vehicle for the acting of Anna Magnani. This last received disappointing notices after the Venice Festival and it is unlikely, both because of its dependence on Cocteau's subtlety of dialogue in the first piece and the religious theme of the second, to be seen, except privately, over here. His last film 'La Machina Ammazzacattivi' has not yet been shown.

Rossellini's reputation, then, depends on his two war films and the genius he has shown in them for distilling the true spirit of humanity and presenting it—great or small—with an almost uncanny realism. But when the war subjects are exhausted, what then? The question has been asked in critics' columns; I put it to Rossellini.

He is a man with an intense gaze, leaning



forward and speaking softly in a pure melodious Italian, searching with some impatience for his sentences, but never for words. His answer is straightforward.

'Good films are about people, about life. They must present life and not represent it at some artificial level. So long as that truth is observed, it is obvious that war or peace makes no difference—every man, every woman, has his story; some worth telling, all of them worth knowing. The British realised that in one film which made a greater impression on me than has any other—Lean's "Brief Encounter". Then they promptly forgot it.'

Neither 'Paisa' nor 'Roma, Citta Aperta', however, are documentary films in the strict sense of factual reporting; they are both imaginative pieces that produce the effect of realism. 'That is the point. But they produce the effect because fundamentally they are true.' The film is an art; it is not reality, and it requires imagination as much, and for a similar reason, as painting requires perspective.

'Paisa' is a film produced in anger, anger at all the gross unnecessary suffering caused by war. 'You must remember that I made it at the time; it is not a new film, one made from memory. Films are of the people and they must keep touch with the temper of the people. The conditions in

which that and "Citta Aperta" were made are past.'

'Despair, guilt, introspection, disappointment, justification, have to give way. To us, as to all men, dreams, hopes, ambitions, are as real and as necessary as the business of eating.'

'Paisa' was attacked by critics over here for its anti-British feeling. Rossellini was, I think, quite sincerely shocked by the scale of resentment. 'Paisa' was made almost in the wake of the Allied armies—more precisely in the wake of the American Fifth. And it was conceived at a time of highly emotional heartsearching, of bitterly sought national justification. Allied to that was the pressing need for money to make the film at all. In the urgency of the moment, in unavoidable financial association with an American producer, there is no doubt that the film lost balance—in that particular respect. That it was made at all, and that it speaks so nobly for humanity should be allowed at this distance to outweigh our rather sensitive national reflexes. 'I was not anti-British,' Rossellini said, 'I was anti-war.'

Rossellini's technique, the imaginative documentary, is more than a mere theory to him, rather a fundamental principle of film-craft.

If he came to Britain, as he would like to ('But I haven't been invited'), he would still refuse to use a studio. 'The sun is incidental.' And unless he could have a Magnani, a Fabrizzi, an Olivier or Celia Johnson, 'then I prefer the very people whose story I am telling. Great actors who understand, or nobodies who can be properly directed. No one in between.'

He is very impressed by British films, particularly by their technical quality and sincerity, not at all by the Hollywood products. 'They are *not* productions.' Lean he considers our finest director, and potentially one of the greatest of all time. 'If he would leave the studio and escape from "the industry", we should see immediately how much he has to contribute.' The cost and the time necessary to make a film in Britain he considers stifling. 'We are fortunate in Italy that our technicians are still artists, not artisans, and our unions retain an artistic conscience.' He is also amazed at the salaries paid over here to producers and directors. For him, finance is always a difficulty. There is only one Italian bank ever willing to make a loan; the profits of one film must help finance the next.

'Paisa' showed the humanity of the man, that he is liable to make large mistakes but never small ones. He may fumble in his choice of a story, as he does for a sentence, but once it is found, he will tell it with sureness, complete sincerity and understanding. He hesitates a long time over his scripts, scraps them, alters them, changes his mind. But 'on the floor' generally, the street or the green earth, he is calm and deliberate, knowing exactly what he requires.

The lift that drops from Rossellini's fifth floor suite at the Excelsior must be the swiftest in Europe. Outside, the sun shines on the beggars, the *fiacres*, the little tables on the sidewalk, the fading political slogans on the walls.

(11) Franz Kafka

J. P. HODIN

For the man who in faltering times is of a faltering mind
Increases the evil, spreading it further and further—Goethe

Not long ago I saw the Oedipus of Sophocles again and was oppressed by that Greek conception of destiny (μοῖρα), to which both men and gods are mercilessly subjected. Walking through the park on my way home to refresh my mind with the sight of clouds and trees, I put the question to myself: how was it that Aristotle could ascribe to tragedy the property of catharsis, i.e., the property of causing in the beholder a sublimation of the tragic conflict, a kind of homeopathic relief from his own passions? I told myself that there must have been something in the psychology of the Greeks of that time which maintained their spiritual equilibrium, however much such a sinister element as the idea of *moira* might have tended to disturb it. In our time this quality must be missing. No dramatist since classical times has had a tragic conception of fate such as theirs. With Shakespeare, tragedy consists of the interplay of men with good and evil wills. The German Hebbel saw the tragic impulse in the excess of any human quality over the average. Ibsen's Peer Gynt shows the conflict between the human element and a soulless egoism; in his work the problem of the individual and modern society is given artistic form for the first time. Only with the existentialist Sartre did a hellish, fatalistic hopelessness appear on the stage again (*Huis Clos*). It was not a far cry from this to Kafka. Perhaps it can be argued that it was a round-about way for, after all, Kafka wrote before Sartre did; but what matters more is that he is only having an influence now, on ground prepared by Sartre. In those days between the two world wars, when Kafka came before the public with his first sketches and stories, and later, posthumously, with his greater works, *The Castle* and *The Trial*, his books were regarded as expressions of a modern style, but they were not distinguished from a series of other experiments at that time, which all bore more or less the character of exaltation. Now, however, after Kafka's work has been translated into other languages, intellectuals all over the world, who with few exceptions have fallen a prey to pessimism, nihilism, scepticism and psychoanalysis, have been infected by a thorough-going Kafka-fever.

What manner of serious prose-writing is this that our time has brought forth? Writers, however gifted they may be, are not the intellectual leaders of their time; and I think that science has had a more decisive influence in our day, in the attempt to solve the great problems of the present and construct a new basis for a balance of internal and external forces, as a precondition for a peaceful era. The fact that our writers are not the intellectual leaders of the age means that it is not to them that we turn if we really seek an answer to our urgent problems. Our writers, in their ivory towers of self-torment, are being destroyed by their own personal problems. That is not the mark of great men. Auden's comparison of Kafka with Dante and Shakespeare is a bold one.

The most important difference, to my mind, lies in the mighty moral and creative power with which Dante faces the misery of human conditions in his time. Dante not only had the courage to see and describe all human nature's abysmal depths; he also had sufficient power to off-set it with a complete view of the world, the vision of a higher harmony. He had the secret of that wisdom which knows that there is one truth from the divine point of view and another, more relative and temporal, from the human point of view, and that man, as a part of creation, must make his peace with life. For Kafka that was no longer possible. Nor did he even attempt it. Everything that he wrote was dictated by his neurotic condition and has neither flesh nor blood, merely the substance of a shadow. The introvert tendency of the mind is the culture-medium for the modern decadent psychological art that is hostile to life. Certainly Kafka still knew of that difference, but in his work the world no longer holds out any hope for man. ('Plenty of hope—for God—an infinite amount—only it is not for us.')

The Kafka Problem

Franz Kafka, born in Prague in 1883, came of a well-to-do, middle-class Jewish family which showed no understanding of his literary talents. His relation to his father in particular was pathological. As is clear from the voluminous letter that Kafka once wrote to his father—and, symptomatically, never sent—we are here concerned with a complex from which the son suffered all his life. If the question arises whether it was this complex or the soul-killing work in an insurance-office which the young Doctor of Law, Kafka, was compelled to carry out day in, day out, which brought on his illness (tuberculosis of the larynx) and early death (1924), then the answer must be: both. For it was obviously the father's despotism which drove Kafka into this hated work.[1]

There is a third point that must be considered here: Prague as the milieu of Kafka's life and writing. A German writer in Prague before the first world war found himself in a provincial town that was completely overshadowed by Vienna. And yet Vienna was very 'Victorian' in its views, conservative and prejudiced against any intellectual innovation. One only needs to read Herman Bang on that Viennese period. At least, however, there was more going on there than in Prague. After the first world war, when Prague had become the capital of Czechoslovakia, Czech cultural life evolved freely, while the German culture of Prague continued to suffer from provincialism. A German writer had to leave Prague and go to Germany, and Prague only played a part as a transit-station on the way from East to West. Kafka's biographer did not see this problem, because he himself never left Prague. Kafka knew it. But when, after mental struggle, he made his decision, it was too late. His strength was already undermined. For Kafka, his family, his job and Prague had all grown into an enormous, oppressive complex. In order to understand this fully, one needs to have known the materialistically minded, *petit bourgeois* Jewish families of Prague, with their authoritarian and patriarchal organisation, who sent their sons to the University to make *Herren Doktoren* of them and then had to resign themselves to seeing these sons, with their higher education, unable to find the way back to the family. Kafka introverted all these experiences, and the hopelessly anxiety-ridden picture of the world, as he portrays it in his work, is the direct expression of this introversion. How Auden can call him 'the predicament of modern man' is an enigma to me. If with these words Auden means the writer, it must be objected that our time has also produced a Proust, Gide and Mauriac, a Thomas Mann and Hermann Hesse, a Knut Hamsun and Aldous Huxley. When Goethe was once asked what he thought about Jean Paul,[2] he answered: 'He is either overrated by people or they cannot endure him.' If Auden means man in general, then perhaps by way of answer

[1] This question has been clearly answered in the reminiscences of the painter, F. Feigl, which I published in *Horizon*, January 1948, under the title *Memories of Franz Kafka*. There, too, the problem of Kafka and our time is dealt with in detail. [2] German Romantic writer, 1763–1825, much read in his time

we may quote some lines of the Swiss Hermann Hesse, from his early work *Peter Camenzind:* 'I wanted to call it to mind that rivers, seas, passing clouds and storms, like the poets' songs and like the dreams of our nights, are symbols and signs of the nostalgia which spreads its wings between heaven and earth, its goal the sure certainty of the birthright and immortality of all living things. The innermost core of every being is sure of these rights, is God's child and rests without fear in the bosom of eternity. *But everything bad, sick and corrupt that we bear within ourselves contradicts and believes in death.*'

This statement strikes me as a very good starting-point from which to form a judgment of Kafka's intellectual world and his influence on the decadent intelligentsia of the present day. If we had not the strength to ward off this attack by everything morbid and weak, by intellectual fear and uncontrolled darkness, then we should be lost. Then those minds might be proved right that let themselves be led by Heidegger—who made use of Kierkegaard for his own purposes[1]—and by Sartre, whose ideas are based on Heidegger's, and by Kafka, who grew up in this peculiar stream of thought. But even then they would only seem to be right. For since life is given, man must find a meaning in it. Even if we have to wrestle for this meaning as Jacob did with the angel, let us at least do it with the same faith as Jacob had—except he bless us. (Kafka only knew of the thigh that was out of joint.) This parable from the Bible shows the Jewish mind in all its strength. Because Kafka was Jewish, others of the same faith may be mentioned here, in particular, a man who lived in precisely such a critical transition-period as we do, but who had the power to break with his family and the bigoted religious community in which he lived and so to stand alone against all prejudices, a symbol of the human spirit's greatness and courage. It is Spinoza to whom I refer.[2] Kafka's inner world collapses when he turns his

FRANZ KAFKA (*1883–1924*): *The last portrait*

nihilistic revolt against the meaning of creation itself and against man's relation to God. An unbridgeable abyss suddenly gapes open between creation and man, and man perishes through it (e.g., the end of the novel *The Trial*, the main theme of *The Castle*, and so on). Spinoza, on the other hand, who coined the formula *Deus sive Natura*, God, that is creation, wrote in his Ethics: 'Our mind, in so far as it knows itself and the body under the form of eternity, has to that extent necessarily a knowledge of God, and knows that it is in God and is conceived through God.'[3] And perhaps we may here mention a third Jewish thinker, a contemporary of Kafka's, Martin Buber, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Jerusalem. In his study on *The Problem of Man*, Buber has tried to interpret the question of man within the fluctuations of the present. Here he takes a decisive stand against Heidegger and chastises Kierkegaard's solipsism. ('Every man should be prudent in his communications with others and essentially speak only with God and with himself.' *Kierkegaard.*) This also applies to Kafka's solipsism, which has so much in common with the Dane's, not only in his basic conception of fear and trembling, but also in his attitude

[1] Sören Kierkegaard, Danish religious thinker, 1813–55. [2] Jewish philosopher in Holland, 1632–77. [3] Goethe, who revered Spinoza profoundly, wrote in his Fragment On Nature: 'We are surrounded and embraced by her, incapable of overstepping her limits . . . She has set me down in the midst of it and she will lead me out again. I confide myself to her. She may do her will with me. She will not hate her own handiwork.'

to women. ('As I suspected, his case, despite essential differences, is very similar to mine, at least he is on the same side of the world. He bears me out like a friend.' *The Diaries.*) And, finally, we cannot fail to recognise this extreme solipsistic attitude also in Kafka's explicit wish that all his writings should be destroyed after his death, since he regarded them as a discussion with himself and not as literature.[1] Buber comes to the conclusion that 'an individualistic anthropology, an anthropology which is concerned essentially only with the relation of the human person to itself, with the relation between the mind and the impulses in it, and so on, cannot lead to knowledge of the nature of man.'

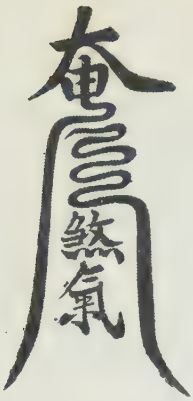
The Diaries

No other writer's work consists of such an intimate analysis of his own problems as Kafka's. There is simply no objective foothold. It is all soaked in his tragic conflict; we are caught up in this neurotic way of thinking as in sticky cobwebs. So the gloomy and unliberated element of our time meets the gloom of his mind, until both become impenetrable. And yet, when did a time cry out for enlightenment, expression and a solution of all its problems more intensely than ours? History will not forget that the artists and writers of this time forsook us when we most urgently needed them. It is a betrayal such as even Julien Benda did not dream of when, in his book, *La Trahison des Clercs*, he took up a position against the political bias of artists. A Dali with his self-provoked paranoic states, a Breton with his intellectual technique of psychic automatism—these are signs of decomposition.

If Kafka's work is a personal confession and mirroring of himself, what must one call the diaries, which, together with letters, form the most intimate category of literature? The first volume of these diaries has just appeared.[2] They turn out to be a collection of papers which only partly have the characteristics of a diary. Real incidents and mental states are recorded; we find the raw material for stories, sketched-in entries of conversations, dreams, notes on books read and the early stages of ideas which were first written down here and sometimes taken over into Kafka's work as they stood—all of it often moving but also very sophistical, nagging, talmudistic. Anyone who can draw intellectual nourishment from it may do so. But if we are to regard it as an especial intellectual achievement, we shall lose our measure of the truly great. That would be the first step taking us towards where those *literati* want to have us, who have fed their inspiration on Freud and Marx. What a tragic invasion of literature by medicine, psychology and sociology! How much better it was when Freud and Marx both quoted very extensively from great poets to support their theories. Today the aim is to exalt the morbid into general validity, and what Freud laid down as a diagnosis of the abnormal, from which he himself drew only very cautious deductions as to health, has been falsified by modern writers into a diagnosis of health. We are moved by Kafka's personal fate, but we resist the flood which menaces us. Kafka was not only a neurotic, but probably a schizophrenic. Some years ago in London I showed the well-known graphologist, H. J. Jacoby, a facsimile of Kafka's handwriting, without naming the writer. After a brief scrutiny, he expressed the above-quoted surmise in decided tones.

I believe that, up till now, no critic has paid attention to this circumstance, in spite of the fact that the handwriting has been reproduced in the biography and now again in the edition of the diaries. This circumstance will perhaps cast a new light on Kafka's attitude to life. (The construction of the novel, *The Trial*, for instance, in which an imaginary world and a real one inter-penetrate to such an extent that it is hard to distinguish between them, can be explained from this. So can the split between man and creation.) It will also explain why I say that I am writing not against Kafka, but against the Kafkaesque outlook of many present-day intellectuals.

[1] See *Memories of Franz Kafka*, *Horizon*, January 1948 [2] The Diaries of Franz Kafka, Volume I, 1910–13. Edited by Max Brod. Secker & Warburg. 16s.



SMOKE

Life and Death in a Chinese hut

ROBERT PAYNE

ONLY a single farmer's cottage showed on the horizon. It was dusk and the stars were coming out one by one. I had no lantern, but I could see the raised and water-soaked roads between the rice fields.

There was a light showing through paper windows, and a small column of blue-grey smoke rose above the roof. I was hungry by this time and walked more quickly. There are always strange shadows on the rice fields at night; and herons and egrets rise with astonishing speed and a great flutter of wings.

All the time I thought of the Chinese peasants who were eating in the mud cottage on the horizon. The square of the window grew brighter. I could see the wind winnowing smoke so that it resembled a mushroom with frayed edges against the steel-dark night. After a while I saw some small stunted cypresses and heard a pig grunting. Then suddenly I was in the muddy courtyard.

I expected to see the herd boys drumming on their two-stringed violins, and perhaps an old farmer sitting on a stone and looking at the stars, or perhaps even a great coffin surrounded by candles, with a priest praying and ringing little bronze bells. But the courtyard was deserted, the cottage door was shut, and there was only a greasy sow half buried in mud, grunting.

I waited for a little while and then knocked on the door. The column of blue smoke was still drifting from the roof. I could smell food being cooked and I could hear people moving, not talking. I do not know why, but once again I imagined a coffin supported on trestles and an old man in clean blue clothes and a long beard lying inside it with his eyes closed and his hands neatly folded across his sunken chest; and because he was an old man who had passed through seventy summers and winters, there would be rejoicing and not sorrow over his death, and there would be red silk hanging at the side of the coffin—not the white of mourning.

I knocked again; I could hear women's voices whispering, and perhaps the sound of a dog moving over the beaten earth floor. And then the door was opened so suddenly by a young girl that I was blinded for a moment by the candlelight which shone from a long blackwood table in the centre of the room. I thought it was a table, but in reality it was a coffin, and the girl moved backward a little and the dog started barking.

After a pause I went into the small room, bowing and saying that I was a foreigner

who had got lost and would be grateful if they could put me up for the night. I would pay them well. I patted my pockets to show that I carried no weapons, and the children suddenly bounced up from the plank bed covered with straw and ran toward me, smiling and looking now at the strange hat I wore and now at the thick-soled American boots which were laced up to my knees. There are few things so beautiful as Chinese children in candlelight, and there were at least six of them. They were not dressed for mourning. The boys wore short blue trousers, and the girls wore long red trousers. It was summer, and the stench from the coffin was sickening, and yet no one seemed to notice it.

On the small earthenware stove they were cooking fish, mushrooms, and red peppers. From the roof, strings of red pepper pods hung down, swaying in the draught from the fire. At one end of the room lay the family altar with its scrolls, which were once painted in gold leaf on red paper, but which now were shabby and torn and covered with soot. A portrait of an old man looked down at me from the family altar.

The girl who had opened the door was about eighteen, beautiful in the dark coat and trousers, which contrasted with her bright red face. She had been weeping and feeding a baby, for I could see the coat half open. She said nothing.

There was an old woman by the fire whose face caught the upward gleam of the coals in the stove. She rose and said: 'I will give you food, but there is nowhere for you to sleep.' I said I would sleep on the floor, or perhaps they could give me straw and let me sleep outside. There were no men in the room. There was the old woman and there was another woman who lay in bed with her face covered by one of those blue silken quilts which are used for carrying very young children. I could hear her uneasy breathing. There were the children, ranging from perhaps thirteen to the baby who lay in a cradle by the fire, a cradle which was exactly like one of those baskets in which we keep kittens. And the baby was hardly larger than a kitten, quite naked and with the red face of a child who had only just come into the world.

I knew the baby belonged to the girl who opened the door, who now stood in front of me, her lovely face catching the gleams from the charcoal fire. She did not offer me a chair. She seemed not to be surprised by my presence—perhaps nothing ever surprised her.

The thick red candles flickered against the wall, and when I turned my head I noticed why one of the children was crying. My own shadow on the wall resembled a huge black eagle swooping down on the small room.

I moved into another position where I cast no shadow, and bowed again to the old woman sitting by the earthenware stove. I had expected to come into a house where there were men, and I was a little uneasy at the presence of the girl.

'Where have you come from?' the girl asked.

I mentioned the name of a town perhaps twenty miles away.

'And you have walked all the way?' she asked. 'It must have taken many days.'

'I left there this morning.'

'My husband has gone to that place. I received a letter from him once.'

The old woman looked up.

'Perhaps he has news of your husband,' she said, and she leaned forward, looking like an old witch in the candlelight and the red gleam from the fire.

The fishes had turned brown, and I was beginning to forget the smell from the coffin.

'Perhaps he has news of your husband,' the old woman repeated eagerly.

I shook my head. 'Are there no men here?' I asked.

At once I was sorry I had spoken, for they immediately looked frightened, and the old woman began speaking in hurried whispers to the girl. All the time no one paid any attention to the sick woman who lay on the bed or to the dead man in the coffin. The girl picked up her baby, opened her coat wide, and began to feed it.

They said nothing. It was as though I had become a part of the furniture, and in desperation I sat down wearily and spoke to the children. They were bright-eyed and their bodies were very clean, sunburnt, and fresh, smelling a little of rice straw. They did not look starved, but none of them was well-fed; and perhaps this was what gave them so much grace of beauty, a kind of languor. One played with a wax doll, which had bright yellow hair and pink cheeks. It was marked: *Made in America.*

The young girl was attempting to feed the doll, and she would lay it against her small bony chest and stroke the bright yellow hair and see that the doll's mouth touched the faint nipples. She was shy, and kept away from me, but the other children came closer, with that curious sly movement of children who are fascinated and yet afraid in the presence of strangers.

I told them stories of foreign countries and of the great capital of China in the north and of the other capital which stood on a bare white rock at the confluence of two rivers. They were melting gradually.

Silently, still clutching the baby, the girl came and brought a small bowl filled with fish and laid it at my side.

One by one the children went to sleep. It was no more than eight o'clock, but in the country farmers sleep at sunset, and these children and the old woman and the young girl were all farmers. I couldn't understand why there were no men there, but later in the evening, when the candles were growing dim, the girl brought a blackwood stool and sat opposite me, staring at me for a long time before she could summon the courage to speak.

'Have you really been to these places?' she said. 'I heard you talking to the children.'

'Yes, I have been there. I write about the Chinese war for foreign newspapers.'

She sighed. 'The foreigners are not helping us. Perhaps the war will go on for ever.' She nodded in the direction of the coffin. 'He said that there have been many long wars in the history of the Middle Kingdom.'

'That is true,' I said.

There was no longer any fear in her eyes. 'Two years ago they came for my man.

He did not want to fight the war. They bound him with ropes at his ankles and on his hands and carried him away. There was only the old man, and two days ago he died. We have no men left in the house. I have only once heard from my man. He wrote a letter—'

From the pocket of her coat she took out a letter which was crumpled and no longer easy to read. She showed it to me without a word, and I read slowly and with difficulty his instructions to her—how he wanted his two children to be brought up, and how he prayed that there would be a boy, and how she should plant the winter rye, and how she was to worship his own mother and father, obeying them implicitly.

Reading those almost illegible strokes on the crumbling paper, it was easy enough to realise the intensity of that boy's love for the girl. She smiled briefly when I put the paper back in her hands. He had left more than eighteen months before, and there was that small child who could hardly have been more than a few months old. I wondered whose child it was, and suddenly she pointed to the baby and said: 'It is not mine, for the mother died. Yet I must have a child in memory of my man.'

I imagined the possibilities: Someone had passed, another traveller arriving at night. In her grief and loneliness, and perhaps not telling the old man, she had gone to a neighbouring village and asked whether there were any children she could adopt. Or perhaps it was her own child by another man. She could not have been more than eighteen, but in China young girls often have children when they are sixteen, and she looked strong.

It grew late. There were three beds arranged against the wall. There was the bed on which her mother was dying, there was the bed on which, until recently, the old grandmother lay with the man now lying dead in the coffin, and there was the bed which was now crowded with the six children who lay in each other's arms.

The girl climbed into the bed where the children lay. It was very hot. She turned to the wall, removed her coat, and I could see the long black braids of her hair falling down her smooth back, and I could hear the suckling of the child. She had dark almond eyes curving towards the sides, and there was a great elegance in her movements. I dozed on my stool. The old grandmother was still crouching over the fire.

I do not know how much time passed before I awoke. It was still dark, for only one of the candles remained alight and the earthenware stove had long since gone out. Suddenly it occurred to me that I should pay my respects to the old man who lay so close to me. I peered into the coffin, and what was strange is that he was exactly as I had expected. I could make out dimly the long beard and the long oval face which was shaped like the girl's. In the face was an expression of perfect peace, a release from toil.

Afterwards I must have dozed. When I woke up, the dawn was coming in through the red paper windows, the girl had turned over on her side and the old grandmother had fallen forward a little, so that her head lay directly above the burnt-out coals. I could no longer hear the girl's mother breathing under the blue quilt.

The dawn was terrible at first. Everything in the small mud room assumed the

colours of harshness. The light crept over the naked limbs and chests of the children turning them dead white; yet they slept contentedly. I buried my face in my hands, too weary to slip out of the room.

I wanted to see the girl again. All the beauty which I have seen in China was somehow concentrated on her sleeping face, the long curving eyelids and the bare shoulders gently heaving under the impulsion of her quiet breath. The light grew stronger. There came a time when the room suddenly became focused, recognisable, and then I noticed how clean it was. A cool wind came through the rafters and the pepper pods began swinging.

The girl woke up slowly, glanced at me, and smiled. She put on her coat, crawled slowly out of bed without disturbing the children, and began to light the fire with kindling wood after first gently lifting the old grandmother and helping her to bed.

From time to time she would look at me. She said nothing. She took some red spills from the altar. Lighting them so that the room was suddenly filled with their fragrance, she went to the door, opened it, and bowed three times in the direction of the sun with the spills cupped in her hands. Then she returned, cut down some of the swinging pepper pods from the roof and began to cut some meat on a board which was stained a deep red. Some rice was boiling over the stove. She listened, then went outside to fetch water from the well. When she returned, she picked up the baby and fed it with a few grains of wet rice which she scooped from the pan.

A moment later it lay nuzzling against her breast. One by one the children went out of doors, and even the old grandmother awoke and rubbed her wrinkled eyes. Flooding through the open door came the sunlight.

I ate the rice the girl offered me, and then went to the door. It was a perfect morning. I have never seen the young shoots of rice so green. It was time to go, but I hated leaving and delayed a little longer, often gazing at the girl in the stained coat as she walked barefooted on the beaten-earth floor. She would bow a little when she passed the coffin, and she smiled sadly whenever her face was turned to mine.

The sun flooded the cottage until it was no longer the strange thing that it had been during the night. I even began to think I had lived there all my life and knew intimately all that had happened, and all that would happen. And I dreaded to return to the town.

I offered the girl money for the night's lodging, and I was pleased when she accepted it. I bowed to the old grandmother, and then to the coffin. I bowed to each of the children and walked down through the avenue of stunted cypresses which gleamed like bronze.

When I had gone a little way, I looked back. A plume of smoke rose from the cottage, and in the doorway, shining in the full sunlight, I saw the girl naked to the waist with the child at her breast and the warm yellow sun on her shoulders. Dew glittered in the grass. The smoke rose higher. I thought of all those who lived in the house, and long afterwards, when the house was no longer in sight, I would look back and watch the blue smoke rising above the bronze trees.

Mankind as Seen by a Cyclist

MR. JOHN FOSTER FRASER, having rolled round the world on his machine, so far as seas permit, has now arrived in the sober and dignified pages of the *Contemporary Review*.

The writer has no mercy on the standing American inconsistency of ridiculing aristocracy and yet grovelling before any and every aristocrat:

A poor Persian girl never grovelled more dumbfoundedly under the smile of a Shah than Chicago grovelled in the reflected glory of one of her daughters being the wife of an English peer appointed to rule over the Indian Empire.

Mr. Fraser hazards a prophecy:

I do hope to read in a Chicago paper, ere I have finished my little strut in the world, that America has a House of Peers of its own, and that the Earl of Milwaukee and the Marquis of Wabash have been staying at Blackpool, and honoured Mrs. Jones by taking afternoon tea. Nay—and in no frivolity I say it—I should not be surprised if, some day, Americans went begging to the European Courts asking for some prince to be spared whom they can place upon a throne on the Capitol steps at Washington, encircle his brow with a crown of gold, and grow hoarse with shouting 'Long live the King!'

The Gospel of Cheerfulness

Evangelist Max O'Rell, 'The Happiest Man in the World'.

The writer generalises freely:

The more nations I make the acquaintance of, the more deeply confirmed I get in this conviction, that the Frenchman, with all his faults and shortcomings, is the happiest man in the world. . . . It is among the masses in France that, after all, I find the greatest amount of happiness. The Frenchman is a cheerful philosopher. He knows best of all how to live and enjoy life. Moderate in all his habits, he partakes of all the good things that Nature has placed at his disposal without ever making a fool of himself. He understands temperance in the true acceptation of the word, which means, not total abstinence, but moderation. When you say that a country has a temperate climate, you do not mean that it has no climate at all; you mean that it has a climate which is neither too hot nor too cold. We have no teetotalers, because we practically have no drunkards.

THE FRENCH WORKING MAN

The Frenchman is badly governed; he is a bad politician, and a worse Republican; but, if he can envy the public life of most European nations, they, in turn, can envy his private life. The French working man goes to the theatre and can be heard humming operatic airs; he knows every picture that is to be found in the Louvre Museum; he is an artist, who can impart to his work that artistic feeling which is the result of several generations that have beheld the national works of art and have learned, not only that they are beautiful, but why they are beautiful.

A Man's Time Bill

Attempts to represent in graphic form the way we spend our time supply two curious articles to the January magazines. Mr. Alfred Arkas, in *Harmsworth's*, estimates 'your everyday life for the last twelve months', and reckons that a man speaks 11,800,000 words and gives 1,200 handshakes, representing force enough to lift an eighty-ton locomotive. He lifts his eyelids 94,600,000 times at a cost of energy equal to lifting a fifty-pound weight. Every week he goes up enough steps to reach to the top of St. Paul's. If he is a hard smoker, he strikes 70,000 matches in the course of the year. He walks in the year as far as from London to Constantinople.

In *Pearson's* Mr. P. W. Everett computes 'how a man spends his time'—his lifetime of seventy years. The totals pictorially represented are:

	Yrs.	Mths.		Yrs.	Mths.
Sleep	24	9½	Dressing	2	11
Work	11	8	Illness	1	5½
Play	11	8	Odds and Ends	1	5½
Eating and Drinking	5	10	Reflection	1	5½
Locomotion	5	10	Gossip	1	5½
			Waste	1	5½

'Jonathan and John'

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts contributes six stanzas under the above heading to the January *Century*. They put the new Anglo-American creed into portable and picturesque phrase. The first runs:

> Should Jonathan and John fall out
> The world would stagger from that bout;
> With John and Jonathan at one
> The world's great peace will have begun.

New Books

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Edited by Hector Bolitho. *Batsford.* 21s.

Reviewed by Christopher Hollis, M.P.

The trouble is that in these days books take so long a time to produce and Empires take so short a time to perish. Here is a book, beautifully illustrated, well, if a little too pedestrianly written, and a little too closely printed, but it was, as its introduction tells us, planned in the closing year of the war. And, alas, how much has happened to the British Empire since then? It is almost too cruel a trick of the publishers to produce it today. It is like a guide-book of a world that has passed away. Here we find pleasant pictures of the attractions which Burma offers to the tourists, hopes of the composition of the feuds of Moslem and Hindu in India and of Dutch and English in South Africa under the influence of the larger unity which the Imperial idea can offer, tributes to the gentle peacefulness of the Malayans.

Yet there is still a British Empire and, diminished though its form may be, it is still the major hope of the world and there is still indeed all too much that the English reader can learn of it, and much that he can learn in this book. As in all composite works, the writing is uneven. By far the best written and most artistic of the essays is that by Mr. James Pope-Hennessy on the West Indies. Mr. Eggleston on Canada tells us something about Canada's literary and artistic life. Mr. Neville Thompson in the article on Australia gives a delightfully vivid picture of the Australian squatters.

In many ways the most interesting of the chapters are those on East and West Africa. The future of the Dominions is not our responsibility. The future of India and Ceylon has ceased to be our responsibility. But there still remain the questions of Central Africa, to the answering of which we have our large contribution to make. Will it prove possible to build up in those lands new nations, destined perhaps for strategical reasons to be the centre of a new Imperial system? In these days, when glib rhetoric is so ready to indulge in sweeping generalisations about our past neglect of our colonies, Mr. McKenzie does very well to remind us of the Colonial Welfare and Development Act of 1940—'a step', as he says, 'which has never before been equalled in the administration of our Colonial Empire.'

The greatest of all African problems is perhaps that of soil erosion. 'So far from having been tackled,' Miss Elspeth Huxley tells us, 'the forces of soil destruction and impoverishment are on all sides gaining ground. . . . In practically no part of East Africa is soil fertility being maintained, let alone built up.' It is clear that it is on the solution of that problem that all Imperial hopes depend, and there are mysteries in the problems of African rainfall which make one hesitate before slick generalisations. Mr. Mockford in his essay on South Africa tells the strange story of Chief Chigango who kept as a rain-goddess a maiden of fourteen. After a time there came a period of drought, which Chigango ascribed to the goddess's loss of her maidenhood. It was decided that his son, Manduza, was the culprit, and Manduza was therefore duly burnt alive. The rain then fell in torrents. The white police, in order to expose Chigango, told him that he had brought the rain but he had made no arrangements to stop it. 'On the contrary,' replied the Chief, 'I have placed a blue cloth on a bush at the place of sacrifice, and, as soon as that cloth is moved, the rain will stop.' The police moved the cloth and at once the rain stopped. In spite of this, Chigango was sent to gaol. When he was released from gaol, there was again drought and a sky of pitiless blue above. 'Now we shall have rain,' said Chigango, and it rained from that moment until his death a few months later.

An illustration from William Shakespeare's VENUS AND ADONIS *by Peter Rudland*

The book is published by W. H. Allen in a limited edition, of which 986 copies have been issued for sale at one guinea

SOVIET POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD

By F. L. Schuman. *Robert Hale.* 21s.

Reviewed by Max Beloff

It would have been fairer to the author and to the public to point out that this is an English reprint of a book published in the U.S.A. two years ago, instead of dropping the date-line from the author's preface, the sole change now made.

Even so, it must be treated for British readers as though it were a new book, and it raises for the conscientious reviewer the same question as to what to do about it. For there is no gainsaying the fact that Professor Schuman is one of the few knowledgeable writers on Soviet history and that in matters of documentation, and often of interpretation, he represents—despite his horribly over-dramatised style—a proper scholar's approach. One would have to be certain that one knew a great deal of the subject before rejecting the assistance that he can give. Nor, despite his on the whole sympathetic approach to the Soviet régime, is this one of the 'Russian fairyland' type of books. Professor Schuman knows that politics, at home as well as abroad, are always 'power politics'. Indeed, if Professor Schuman had confined himself to Soviet politics at home, one would have found rather little to cavil at, despite the author's perhaps too ready acceptance of the official version of the great 'purge'. On the other hand, his picture of the U.S.S.R. as conforming to 'the requirements of a true federation' seems excessively formalistic, to use a favourite Soviet term of abuse.

One's difficulty in deciding whether to recommend the book especially to the non-expert is its approach to the problem of Soviet foreign policy. Professor Schuman starts off on the wrong foot by ascribing the unhealed breach between Soviet Russia and the rest of the world not to its own revolutionary and totalitarian doctrines, but to the wars of intervention that were its consequence. And having thus fathered the doctrine of world revolution upon the non-Communist powers, Professor Schuman solemnly lays down that the Comintern Congress of 1935 marked its final and total abandonment. Needless to say, he takes with equal seriousness the 'dissolution' of the Comintern in 1943.

Since this is his starting-point, it can be readily seen how all the responsibilities for the disasters of the last decade are placed squarely upon the shoulders of the Western Powers, and in particular upon those of Great Britain. Why one should believe that the Soviet Union, which was intent on avoiding war with Germany in 1939, and on remaining to the *tertius gaudens* of a conflict in the West, was at the time of Munich genuinely prepared to fight for 'collective security', is a mystery that Professor Schuman's rhetoric does not elucidate. Needless to say, the policy of temporary appeasement of Germany, so heinous when practised by British Conservatives, becomes the highest statesmanship when practised by Soviet leaders; and the story of the Soviet-Nazi pact is told without a real hint of its secret territorial clauses.

Indeed, when it comes to Soviet foreign policy, Professor Schuman is capable of believing and repeating the most arrant nonsense. It is perhaps worth while pointing out to those people in this country who do not fully appreciate how much we have gained by the American repudiation of Mr. Wallace, in whose political camp Professor Schuman belongs, how bitterly anti-British is the whole tone of this book. It should be marked 'to be handled with care' or 'for adults only'.

THE LIMITS OF EMPIRICISM

A. N. Whitehead : Essays in Science and Philosophy. *Rider & Company*. 15s.

Bertrand Russell : Human Knowledge : its Scope and Limits. *Allen & Unwin*. 18s.

Reviewed by Frederick C. Copleston, S.J.

Essays in Science and Philosophy consists of papers which have already appeared in print, but which have been collected from various sources and grouped under the main headings of 'Personal', 'Philosophy', 'Education' and 'Science'. We can be grateful to the publishers for having issued this collection, for the late Professor Whitehead was undoubtedly one of the most important philosophers of the present century. Whether he will attain what he described as 'the acme of triumph' ('I am fond of pointing out to my pupils that to be refuted in every century after you have written is the acme of triumph') is a question one cannot answer; but I think it probable that Whitehead will always occupy a place in future histories of philosophy.

One tends to think of Whitehead as having developed a philosophical system built upon modern scientific theories. There is truth in this idea, of course; but the word 'system' suggests the notions of finality and dogmatism, whereas Whitehead did not believe in a final and exact science, still less in a final and exact philosophy. Thus at the end of his essay on 'Immortality' (if anyone hopes to find in this essay an answer to the problem of personal immortality, he will be sadly disillusioned) he remarks that 'the final outlook of philosophic thought cannot be based upon the exact statements which form the basis of special sciences.' Why not? 'The exactness is a fake.' We cannot attain 'absolute' knowledge: 'the besetting sin of philosophers is that, being merely men, they endeavour to survey the universe from the standpoint of gods.' But Whitehead was no sceptic. On the contrary, 'at this moment scientists and sceptics are the leading dogmatists.' He believed in a universe 'always driving on to novelty', and consequently he did not believe that reflection on the universe can reach a stage beyond which it can never advance; but he certainly considered that approximations to an adequate philosophy are possible and that one philosophy can be more adequate than another.

Whitehead's belief in the objective interrelatedness of all facts and events in the universe and of all aspects of the universe comes out clearly in these essays. 'Every entity is only to be understood in terms of the way in which it is interwoven with the rest of the Universe': there are, then, no atomic events or fully independent existences. This view results in 'a very close affiliation with Bradley', as Whitehead openly admits. The doctrine that God and the world are necessary to one another smacks rather of Hegel (of whom, however, Whitehead had read only one page) and I do not agree with it; but I am convinced that there is more truth in Whitehead's theory of relations than in the opposite theory.

Whitehead could be clear: he could also be extremely obscure. But he has a defence. Ordinary language is not adapted to express new insights. 'Philosophy is largely the effort to lift such insights into verbal expression.' 'For this reason, conventional English is the twin sister to barren thought.' Plato, he remarks, had recourse to myth. 'We have no ground to limit our capacity for experience by our existing technology of expression.'

There is indeed a certain congruity, though there is also a certain incongruity, in reviewing together Whitehead's *Essays* and Bertrand Russell's *Human Knowledge; its Scope and Limits*. A book by Russell is always something of an event, for he is the best-known living British philosopher; but this particular book is important not simply because Russell wrote it, but because of its intrinsic character and contents. No professional philosopher will neglect the book; but it is written also for the educated public who are interested in philosophy. Needless to say, it is spiced with that humour which, we hope, will never be absent from Russell's writings.

HUTCHINSON

Gift Token Suggestions

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

The Official Biography

by

MALCOLM THOMSON

With the collaboration of

FRANCES, COUNTESS LLOYD-GEORGE of DWYFOR, C.B.E.

The life story of the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, O.M. the Welsh village lad who became Prime Minister, is not only a tale of absorbing interest but an important page of history. *With 26 illustrations* **25/-**

DAYS WITH BERNARD SHAW

by S. WINSTEN

An absorbing book, based on the frank, intimate day-by-day conversations he has had with G.B.S. over the past years.

Profusely illustrated by hitherto unpublished photographs and drawings. **18/-**

W. MACQUEEN-POPE

TWENTY SHILLINGS IN THE POUND

This fascinating book is a history of the middle classes from 1890-1914. The author's description of the home and social life of this amazing period provides an astonishing contrast with our own life today. *With 42 illustrations* **21/-**

HUTCHINSON

Largest of Book Publishers

The author sets out to examine the relation between individual experience and the general body of scientific knowledge. The data of knowledge being private and individual, what are the principles which justify the transition from private data to common scientific knowledge? In other words, what are the minimum principles required to justify scientific inference? Russell argues that an examination of Probability shows that inductions do not confer on their conclusions the high degree of probability which they in fact possess unless certain conditions are fulfilled, that is to say, unless certain principles, anterior to experience, are assumed. Russell has reduced to five the postulates required to validate scientific method, though he does not exclude the possibility of their being further reduced. Can these postulates be themselves justified? The author believes that they cannot be rendered even probable either by logic or experience; our 'knowledge' of them exists at first 'in the form of a propensity to inferences of the kind that they justify', and it is only by reflection on such inferences 'that we make the principles explicit.' 'The forming of inferential habits which lead to true expectations is part of the adaptation to the environment upon which biological survival depends'; the principles have their remote origin in 'animal inference'.

Russell is an empiricist in the sense that he accepts the doctrine that knowledge of particular facts without inference depends on experience; but he is not an empiricist if by 'empiricist' is meant one who asserts without limitation that all synthetic knowledge is based on experience. Our 'knowledge' of the postulates of inference is not based on experience, even if experience confirms their verifiable consequences. He admits, then, that 'empiricism as a theory of knowledge has proved inadequate.' Kant thought the same; but Russell has not much sympathy with Kant, I gather, in spite of his realisation that empiricism, if it is to explain the scientific knowledge which all in practice accept as knowledge, must be supplemented by a theory of the *a priori*. However, given, though not conceded, that Hume successfully torpedoed the main ideas of traditional metaphysics, I think that Lord Russell has made it quite clear that the 'postulates' of scientific inference cannot be justified by an appeal to perception alone. In this valuable contribution to intelligible philosophical literature, he has shown convincingly that radical empiricism is an inadequate theory of knowledge.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE

Harvill Press. 21s.

Reviewed by C. E. M. Joad

Alexis de Tocqueville, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the French Government of 1848–9, retired after its fall to Sorrento where he produced his great work on the French Revolution and his scarcely less famous *Democracy in America*. For years he expected to be recalled to the conduct of affairs. This expectation was, however, disappointed; the Third Empire was established and de Tocqueville never returned to active political life.

During his seclusion he compiled his Recollections which were jotted down as the mood took him in note-books and on odd scraps of paper. The Recollections were not intended for publication: they were 'souvenirs', designed to put on record, before memory faded, the great events in which for so short a time de Tocqueville had played his part. Nor was it until the end of his life that friends persuaded him to publish.

The Recollections came out in 1893 and were translated into English and published in this country in 1898. For many years they have been to all intents and purposes unobtainable; hence the present edition which is a reprint of the 1898 translation by Teixeira de Mattos and is edited with Notes, Appendices and Introduction by J. P. Mayer, a distinguished political theorist, who has made de Tocqueville his special study. As Mr. Mayer acutely points out, the Recollections stand to politics proper in much the same relation as Pascal's *Pensées* or Montaigne's *Essays* do to philosophy; they are, that is to say, the products of a mature mind reflecting in quietude upon past activity. Pleasantly and agreeably written, they abound in brilliant character sketches. Take, for example, the following on Louis Philippe 'bound', as de Tocqueville puts it, 'by his faults to those of his time': 'Chief of the bourgeoisie, he pushed them towards their natural bent which they had only too much inclination to follow. They married their vices, and this family union first made each of them strong, singly, then accomplished the demoralisation of the other, and finished by making them both perish.'

The chief interest of the Recollections is, of course, the account that they give of the events of 1848–9. They reveal their author as what we already knew him to be, a man of great political insight and penetrating political foresight. De Tocqueville was by nature a non-Party man who, in a period of political upheaval, sought to steer a middle course between dictatorship and revolution. As we know, the attempt failed and the dictatorship of the Third Empire rapidly followed the collapse of de Tocqueville's Government. It is, however, evident from the Recollections that de Tocqueville had few illusions as to the chances of success. A constitutional democrat, he was fully alive to the defects of democracy, and foresaw more clearly than any of his contemporaries the dangers inherent in universal suffrage, the only system of voting, as he noted, under which exceptional men are not naturally assured of election. Looking at the Constituent Assembly, elected by universal suffrage, he remarks that 'almost all the men who played the first part in it were already known to me, but the bulk of the rest resembled nothing that I had seen before.' He perceived, with alarming exactitude, the course of republican government in France, 'its instability will always be in periods of excitement a cause of revolution, and in peaceful times a cause of great uneasiness'; he concludes that the Republican is not the form of government 'best suited to the needs of France', yet he accepted office in such a government fearing, exactly as Frenchmen fear today, lest the failure of the Republic would lead to civil war and dictatorship. He further diagnosed, with great exactness, what has since been revealed as the distinguishing defect of French democracy: 'In France there is only one thing which we can't set up, that is a free government, and only one institution we can't destroy, that is centralisation.' Mr. Mayer contrasts, rightly in my view, the sober political realism of de Tocqueville's reflections with the Utopianism of his contemporary, Marx, and notes as perhaps the most outstanding example of his future-piercing intelligence, his prophecy of the imminence of what has already arrived, the mass age.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES

✱ FOR BOOKS ✱

New & secondhand Books on every subject. Stock of 3 million volumes.

Large Dept. for Music and Books on Music

We BUY Books and Stamps

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines) ✱ Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)

★

Introducing

CHINA

By George Yeh and C. P. Fitzgerald. Brilliantly told in this new book is the story of China, its age-old culture and religions, its mysterious Oriental customs, its strange people and their intriguing logic. Written for the man-in-the-street it gives a broad picture of this vast country which is playing an increasingly important part in world affairs. 6/- *net*

PITMAN, *Parker St., Kingsway, W.C.2*

FOR CREATIVE READING AND CREATIVE WRITING

JOHN O'LONDON'S WEEKLY is valued by booklovers everywhere for its authoritative book reviews, and for the high standard of its short stories, dramatic criticism and verse. Contributors include ROBERT LYND, H. M. TOMLINSON, RICHARD CHURCH, PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON, LOUIS GOLDING, PROFESSOR B. IFOR EVANS, J. C. TREWIN, MARGARET WILLY and NORAH HOULT.

JOHN O'LONDON'S WEEKLY

Now once again fully available from all newsagents and bookstalls. Published fortnightly (owing to prevailing paper shortage), price 3d.

A YEAR MORE OR LESS

By C. E. M. Joad. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d.

In his latest book Dr. Joad recounts certain of his activities and experiences over a period of fourteen months and uses them as pegs upon which to hang a variety of hats. These consist chiefly of his likes and dislikes, enjoyments and frustrations, together with their reasons, expressed with his usual clarity, humour and vigour.

Thus, listening to the performance of a work by Benjamin Britten leads to an expression of his aesthetic faith, and a visit to a summer school to a digression on his past and present attitude to women and the consolations (or otherwise) of growing old. About the latter he writes: 'I feel bound to avow that my life is not as much worth living, at least, if *enjoyment* of living is the standard. I used to get more fun out of life than I do now, and I have not made up in added tranquillity or serenity what I have lost in enjoyment. I have not learned to set a lower value upon the joys of vigorous, exciting activity or a higher one upon the joys of the contemplative mind and spirit. I have not learned to render myself immune from what I called the toothaches and pimples of experience—in fact they matter more than they did—the pleasures of renunciation are at best a second best.'

This is a human and amusing book. He does not hesitate to disclose and examine his shortcomings or his discomfitures (an example of the latter being his encounter with Bertrand Russell at the Aristotelian Society).

The description of his discovery by a chambermaid in a Brussels hotel sleeping on a mattress in a cupboard to which he had retreated to escape from the noise of trams and gurgling water-pipes, and of his self-humiliation caused by his efforts to drive a tractor and cope with the practical difficulties of a farm, are in the best vein of tragi-comedy.

Yet, despite the lightness of the touch, there is food for much thought, and though the reader may be stimulated into disagreement by some of Dr. Joad's unrepentant prejudices (which range from sandwiches, bathing dresses and motor-cars, to *Hamlet*, modern films and celebrity hunters), he can convey with equal realism his appreciation and enjoyments. In brief, it is a most readable and stimulating book.

GEORGE LOWTHER

THE EAGLE HAS TWO HEADS

A Play in three acts by Jean Cocteau. Adapted from the French by Ronald Duncan. *Vision Press.* 9s. 6d.

Reviewed by Rev. E. F. F. Hill

Jean Cocteau's play, so well adapted for the English Theatre by Ronald Duncan, is a powerful and uncompromising allegory of our epoch. It has, therefore, a significance beyond any imaginative insight into the secret of the strange death of Louis II of Bavaria which it may offer and beyond any use which it makes of the character and clairvoyance of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and of the manner of her death.

'Books on the death of the king,' writes Cocteau in his preface, 'carried me back into the atmosphere of that family who, although themselves unable to create masterpieces, would like to be part of one, even if they should meet the worst possible fate, as history demands. . .

'The real tragedy of these princes that rise above their parts is that they are ideas rather than human beings. Besides, it often happens that they are killed by another idea. Therefore I wanted to represent two opposing ideas and the necessity of their struggling against each other. A queen with anarchical leanings, and an anarchist, royalist in spirit—if the crime is delayed, if they talk to each other, if it is not the stab in the back on the landing-stage on the Lake of Geneva any more, our queen will soon become a woman and soon our anarchist will be a man again. They betray their own causes in order to establish a new one. They become a constellation or rather a meteor that flares up for a second and disappears.'

This passage is important when we reach the reflective stage, when, having seen the play and having taken part in the immediacy of its action, we attempt to account for and to describe it. It is an excellent commentary on the text. It is also a summing up of the history of civilised man during the last hundred years and a warning as to his future. Is not 1848 an important year? There has been, since then, more than one 'family' who, because they were unable to create masterpieces, have striven to be part of one, and have met and have brought upon others the worst possible fate. Of them, Cocteau's Queen is the prototype.

We need not worry over much about 'princes that rise above their rank', not, that is, about the fact that they were princes. There are very many who have become 'ideas rather than human beings'. And the tragedy which is unfolded here is their tragedy.

When a man becomes an idea, he leaps backward into obscurity, into primeval darkness. He hides his face, as in the play the Queen hides hers behind a black fan. He loses the gift and art of language. If he does show his face, then it is to those whom he despises: again, like the Queen, who has shown her face only to Edith, her reader, and to Tony her deaf and dumb negro servant. I would draw attention to Tony, to this powerful symbol of reduction: to Tony the man. 'It often happens that they are killed by another idea.' They need their Ediths and their Tonys, and if they cannot find them, they proceed to make them. It is only in the presence of their Tonys that no terror haunts them and they are safe.

Cocteau is profoundly right in his choice of opposing ideas, 'a queen with anarchical leanings and an anarchist, royalist in spirit'. Only we must be careful to give 'anarchy' its root meaning, which has nothing whatever to do with freedom but has everything to do with primeval chaos. And the Queen has much more than 'leanings'; she has such an intense passion of the will to be this chaos that Stanislas, the poet, 'the anarchist, royalist in spirit,' who breaks into her room to assassinate her, can only say: 'It was you, who, crying for death, drew me to your life . . .'

'If the crime is delayed', if for a moment the man recovers possession of himself and ceases to be an idea, what then? Stanislas, in the second Act, speaks not only for himself, but for all those who betray their cause: 'All my life my soul has cried out for love and I have heard nothing but the echo. So at last in desperation I fell in love with a cause and let a cold idea ravish me. So that when I broke into your room, I was nothing but a mad idea. All would have been well if I had not collapsed. For when I came round, I was no longer an idea, I was a man and a woman was bending over me. But

as I turned into a man you became an idea. As my love grew to your life, you turned and called me the instrument of your death. I was drunk with hunger and fatigue. Drunk with the storm and my silence tore through me like a scream. Till at last I found the strength to become an idea again and in that seek relief. I decided to kill you. I decided to turn your room into my bridal chamber and daub it with your blood.

'But I had forgotten women are profound in cunning.

'For just as I became an idea again you became a woman.'

There is a technique to protect man from the dread of this awakening, to hinder this betrayal and to deal effectively with those who suffer this collapse; a technique which belongs to the tyranny of a cause.

They who resort to tyranny in the service of a cause can never lay it aside, and in the end are destroyed by it.

'They betray their own causes in order to establish a new one. They become a meteor that flares up for a second and disappears.' So it is in general, and so it is here in particular with the Queen and Stanislas. There is a moment when they are together as man and woman, as lover and beloved. But they are filled with the fears of men and women, lest some external terror still should separate them. 'I couldn't live another instant without being alone with you,' says the Queen, and Stanislas replies: 'When we are parted I feel as if the sleeper whose dream we are awakes, but when I see you he sleeps again.'

Their love is not grounded in themselves, but in the idea of love, and this it is which tortures and finally destroys them. The 'mechanism' of their strange deaths belongs to the plot of the drama and need not delay us. The mystery of their deaths lies in the transference of the tyranny of the idea of Death, which, at the beginning held them both in sway, into the tyranny of the idea of Love.

I have said that this play is an allegory of our epoch. It is more. The characters have the wiles and the passions of men and women, and never for a moment do they lose them. They are human, even when they are prototypes; even when they come before us as personified abstractions, we feel the emotional tensions of men and women. It is the mastery with which Cocteau has brought the human and the prototype together and has preserved the human, which gives to this play its intense sublimity.

THE MODERN EVERYMAN

By Michael Burn. *Rupert Hart-Davis.* 5s.

In his preface to this modern version of the old Morality *Everyman*, Michael Burn writes: '. . . as men and women grow more mature in their judgment of right and wrong and more knowledge comes within their reach, surely they will turn increasingly to arbiters developing within themselves'.

This reassessment of a universal theme in the light of modern awareness is, I think, the principal value of Michael Burn's new verse play. The changes in character from the old *Everyman* are interesting; Conscience takes the place of the characters Good Deeds, Confession, etc.; and in the new play there is an Other Everyman who had no place in the sixteenth-century *Everyman*—his fate, if the question arose, was left to an external God. Today, the Other Everyman is the ever-present image of suffering humanity, evoked by Conscience against the conflicting forces of the characters Self-Will, Learning and the Betrothed.

Everyman himself is portrayed as the modern, middle-class, slightly neurotic type—but tormented by dreams over which Conscience presides:

> His mind's the stage, left lit, and there I'll show
> A play within a play, as Hamlet showed
> His uncle's guilt, so I'll tell Everyman
> Through dreams his guilt. . . .

Occasionally the execution and handling of the verse seems to fail the conception of the play as a whole, but there are many strong passages which, by their emotive force, carry the dramatic action.

The tension is subtly relieved at times by some very effective lyricism, as when Everyman's Betrothed speaks:

> Come to the south, and stand there like a tree
> Until the sun stirs upwards through your veins.
> Come with me, love, my love will be like rain.

Technically, the play is well handled, working up to the only possible conclusion for a modern *Everyman*—a conclusion in which, to quote the author, 'it is not into the majestic nave that Everyman passes for his redemption, but into the world.' For the modern Everyman,

> Injustice anywhere is my injustice.
> Justice is mine wherever lie the lists.

This play should be produced, like its predecessor, at the Old Vic. MURIEL SPARK

PAUL GAUGUIN

Letters to His Wife and Friends

Saturn Press. 16s.

Since his death, the name of Paul Gauguin has become a symbol and Somerset Maugham has turned it into a legend. Few men, indeed, have lent their lives to such colourful distortion. Here was the perfect egoist who one fine day decided to forsake his job and home, his wife and children, to pursue the irrational urge of self-expression, only to end a miserable existence, haunted by poverty, disease and despair, in a miserable hut far away in the Pacific.

It has been said of Gauguin that he was ruthless, proud and selfish; that he had raised a wall of indifference between himself and the world, and that, apart from his art, he was insensitive to every kind of sentiment or even understanding. The present volume of his *Letters to His Wife*, published for some incomprehensible reason only now, some forty-five years after the artist's death, not only belies that impression but it urgently calls for a complete revaluation of the man and his works.

It is, of course, true that Gauguin did leave his wife and children in a physical sense, but in every one of those letters he yearns after them in spirit. And the more one reads into this misery of misunderstandings, the more clearly does it transpire how Gauguin, far from running away, only longed to come back. And, indeed, the tragedy of his life was not that he wanted to escape but that he failed to return. Nothing seems more revealing of Gauguin's real attitude than the letter written to his wife in Copenhagen just before he set out on his first journey to Tahiti. 'My adored Mette,' he addressed her (though he was quick to qualify this statement, 'To be sure, an adoration often tinged with bitterness'), 'In three years' time I shall have won a battle which will enable us—you and me—to live at our ease. You will rest and I shall work.'

These words sound incredibly banal coming from this great revolutionary. But the man who styled himself 'the barbarian' was, in fact, not so barbaric after all. He did not despise money or a good position: he left it in order to obtain a greater position, more in keeping with his conception of dignity. He went in order to return, self-fulfilled and self-possessed—the man he wanted to be, not the man circumstances had forced him to become. Gauguin was acutely aware of the limiting nature of those circumstances (and he was right) and supremely confident of his ability to break them with his genius. But in this respect he proved wrong. He thought he could rebel against society and stand out alone, but it was precisely this ability which he did not possess. He needed, desperately—and the Letters bear overwhelming testimony to this—the love and support of his wife; but of all people his wife—a clever, steady and even strong woman—was the last person to understand him. She knew that her husband was intelligent, but she never imagined that he could also be 'so wicked'. Yet almost every one of his steps was calculated to win her affection, and nothing wounded him more than those eternally cold words, 'Your wife Mette', with which she used to end her letters.

The height of Gauguin's expectation was reached when he returned from Tahiti. 'I am a great artist and I know it,' he had written to Mette. And now he came back with the proof of his greatness in his revolutionary canvases. But his wife did not come to Paris to look at them; the critics were slow in appreciating their value, and the public did not buy them. Gauguin was left alone—and loneliness was the one thing which this man who had craved for it could not bear. The disintegration, both bodily and mentally, now set in, and Tahiti alone pointed the only way out. But when Gauguin left for that island for the second time, he went unwillingly, without the will or even the wish to come back as the conqueror. And with the death of Aline, his only daughter, the break with his wife and family became complete.

The last letter to his wife contains all the pent-up cruelty which had accumulated over the years. 'I will not say, "God keep you" but, less incredibly, "May your conscience sleep to prevent you from welcoming death as a deliverance".'

It is a strange, unknown Gauguin who emerges from these bitter, plaintive letters: a great sentimentalist, a great martyr *manqué*, with the eternal lament, 'What have I done to be so unhappy?' on his pen. One cannot help feeling how much better and happier it would have been, for the man, though not necessarily for his art, if only he had had the courage and strength to break away from that very attachment which this 'savage' has been accused so often of severing so heartlessly.

STEFAN SCHIMANSKI

THE TRANSITORY VENUS

By Tom Hopkinson. *Horizon*. 9s. 6d.

Reviewed by Robert Payne

When Tom Hopkinson's story, *The Third Secretary's Story*, appeared in *Horizon* eight years ago, we were made aware of a new and intriguing talent. It was the story of a young Embassy official in a remote European State who was determined to seduce the first attractive woman he met at a party, and was himself seduced by her, and shortly afterwards she mysteriously disappeared. What gave the story distinction was the curious impersonality with which it was written, the grave tenderness, the ominous overtones, and the fact that it was entirely and poignantly memorable. Nothing quite like it had appeared in England before. If it owed something to Stendhal in the sensitivity of its approach to the sexual relationship, and something more to the Russians in its power to suggest all levels of experience instantaneously, the achievement was all the greater, for no one else had been able to make a successful amalgam of these disparate forces. It was a work which put most of the stories of Mr. Somerset Maugham to shame, and suggested that a new writer of quite extraordinary powers had appeared on the scene.

Because this is a book of short stories, it is possible that it will not receive the welcome it deserves. Libraries are known to frown on short stories, and librarians are supposed to work on the theory that what everyone wants is a big historical novel. It would be a pity if they should be right, for here is a remarkably adult book where the aim of the writer has been to uncover the most delicate springs of the mind.

Not all the stories are on the high level of *The Third Secretary's Story*. Mr. Hopkinson aims high, but there are occasions on which he falls low. One story concerns a long argument in a pub about the habits of lobsters, and leads nowhere. Another describes the wholly unbelievable exploits of two brothers with no knowledge of mountaineering who fall over a cliff. But these squibs do nothing to hide the light of the four most successful stories. When Mr. Hopkinson describes a boy's gradual discovery of his own responsibility for his brother's death, or the schoolmaster patiently examining himself to discover why he has unmercifully thrashed one of his handsome schoolboys, or the relationship between two people who meet and separate during a mountain holiday in Switzerland, we are astonished by the range of emotional feeling. We know these people; they have force and validity; and we do not leave them when we have laid down the book, for they continue to exist in a world of their own which is continually present to us. Partly, Mr. Hopkinson achieves this by the delicacy of his explorations of the minds of his characters, and by the authenticity of his sense of personal relationships, but also there is a sense of detachment which is not in the least clinical: it is exactly as though he was writing coolly and deliberately from inside the brilliantly lit minds of his characters.

Years ago E. M. Forster demanded that we should 'only connect'. What is evident is that Mr. Hopkinson is gifted with a terrifyingly acute sense of 'connection', and has written a remarkably fine book.

GEORGE ELIOT

By Joan Bennett. *Cambridge University Press*. 10s. 6d.

Reviewed by D. S. Savage

During the nineteenth century some spiritual nerve-centre in English life seems to have been destroyed, and by the middle of it, when George Eliot began writing, culture, long dying, was inwardly all but dead. Something of this dead, stuffed quality pervades her novels; tap them (for they are solid enough) and, instead of a living resonance, they give out, here and there, a dull, muffled thud, while doubtless her unread narrative poems would return a yet dustier answer.

Chesterton put the matter suggestively when he said that her work possessed 'almost every element of literature except a certain indescribable thing called *glamour*', which, he pointed out, 'was the whole stock-in-trade of the Brontës', writing earlier in the century.

That this reflects George Eliot's own existence is certain—a more banal life than hers, both externally and inwardly, it is difficult to imagine. 'Plain in feature and singularly artificial in bearing', as an obituary writer described her (someone else said 'she was rather like a horse') —at seventeen she replaced her deceased mother as housekeeper to her father, remaining with him until his death in her thirtieth year, during which time her principal mental

adventure was the conscientious abandonment of a dreary religiosity for a yet drearier moralistic rationalism. In London, a woman of letters, she became intimate with Herbert Spencer, but Spencer 'was not capable of falling in love', so they agreed to remain good friends, and she formed the irregular union with G. H. Lewes which was to endure until his death in 1878. It was in this period that she wrote the novels which made her famous. She died two years after Lewes, having become, in the meantime, a married woman.

Mrs. Bennett's study is disappointing because, while she can make some show of dealing with the surface of her texts, she is unable to move below it to perceive the forces which determine its particular shape and texture—with George Eliot an especially necessary task. Thus, for example, she perceives the formal disproportion of *The Mill on the Floss*—two-thirds of which present an episodic (and autobiographical) survey of Maggie Tulliver's childhood, the drama arising from the erotic crisis of early womanhood, being crammed into the final third—without laying her finger on the unconscious compulsion which evidently dictated this disparity, namely, Maggie's psychotic 'fixation' upon her childhood and the figure who dominated it, and her fear of the adult life which was threatening to claim her—a situation which has plain relevance to George Eliot's own development. This happens to be a recurrent pattern in novels by women writers, and one which, if we are to believe C. G. Jung, is even more prevalent in fact than in fiction. Maggie's frantic retreat from the advances of Stephen Guest to the arms of her brother Tom, with whom she is drowned in the flood is, sentimentality apart, a transparent incest-fantasy:

'The boat reappeared—but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted: living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together.'

What might be valuable today would be a study of George Eliot and her novels which attempted to bring to light the inner pattern pointed to by such passages as this, and its connections with her religious, moral, political and artistic attitudes. Clearly, however, Mrs. Bennett is not the woman for the job.

NOT AS A REFUGE
By Alan Rook. *Lindsay Drummond.* 5s.

THE MIRROR
By Leonard Clark (Introduction by Walter De La Mare). *Allan Wingate.* 6s.

Reviewed by Henry Treece

The English literary genius is remarkable for two peculiar qualities: a pastoral, semi-religious *quietism*, and a wild, almost macabre violence. So we find Dr. Thomas Browne, Izaak Walton and Cowper reflecting the one, and John Webster, Christopher Smart and William Blake giving evidence of the other. As far as I can judge, Alan Rook has a tendency to follow the first path, and Leonard Clark the second.

Characteristically, Mr. Rook's opening sentence is this: 'Last night I was sitting in the window of my bedroom overlooking the quiet midnight countryside with its many trees, and its may-hedges in flower.' From which point he goes on, as in a letter to a friend, to tell us what sort of person an artist is, how he works and loves, and how he fits into the State.

Now Mr. Rook has a number of faults: he is a careless writer and harps too long on one way of putting over his beliefs; he is inconsistent, for in one breath he says that the artist must not distribute himself to friends and pupils (O Villon! O Morris! O Chaucer!), and in the next that he must embrace all men in friendship. He insists that the artist 'needs to be wise in humanity', yet that in his loving 'there must always be a measure of holding back,' so that he can later interpret 'what he has seen'. This is emotion, not recollected in tranquillity, but preserved precisely in a neat notebook while the event still proceeds. Had Marlowe read Mr. Rook, there would be no Helen; had Shakespeare, no Sonnets! Yet, in spite of this insistence on the artist as a cerebral Meany, *Not As A Refuge* is one of the best books written by a poet that I have read for a long time. One will not learn from it how to become an artist, but one will see how a very able contemporary artist looks at life; and one will meet again certain values which are fast becoming extinct, such as faith, sincerity and honesty. And for these things one can forgive Mr. Rook his theory that poets know by instinct how to prune roses, and his observation that 'a tank has no friends!'

Mr. Clark's poems may be accepted without reserve. He is a Neo-Blake-Imagist who wastes no one's time, for within the short span of most

of his poems he compresses more splendour, pathos and horror than any of his contemporaries. He deals in the not-unusual towers of bones, full moons and dark woods of today, and yet can still induce the skin-prickle of authentic poetry in *Ecce Mors* and *The Prison*; he writes of dying hares and wounded salmon, and is still able to draw his reader towards tears. Mr. Clark's is a precise though Cosmic talent; he says less than he knows and yet leaves one in the position of knowing it all too: an unusual accomplishment in an age of verbal rankness.

The Mirror is a good enough book not to need Mr. De La Mare's fine, though slight, Introduction.

STRANGERS AND BROTHERS
By C. P. Snow. *Faber & Faber.* 10s. 6d.

DEATH'S BRIGHT SHADOW
By George Scott-Moncrieff. *Allan Wingate.* 9s. 6d.

CHRYSANTHA
By Margaret Drake. *The Bodley Head.* 9s. 6d.

Considering that he is a favourite of the critics, C. P. Snow is a remarkably straightforward and uninvolved novelist. For a modern taste he might be thought a little too explicit. And yet there is a subtlety about this novel (which was first published in 1940) that grows on one and raises questions that have to be answered by each individual reader. Little is left to the imagination, it is true, but a great deal is left to the judgment. In short, what kind of a person was George Passant? Was he, as his friends believed, an intensely sincere young man who would not step an inch aside to win the approval of others? Or, as his enemies said, someone who sacrificed everything to his own pleasures? He came from a poor home and had worked his way in his profession by sheer ability but he knew that progress beyond a certain point would always be blocked by lack of money. In contrast to him was his friend Jack, also from a poor home, but determined to win what he could from the world by a mixture of charm and trickery. The two of them become involved in a business deal which, almost imperceptibly, takes on a shady aspect. In this situation, and in the subsequent trial, George is at a disadvantage.

He despises the social tricks that Jack uses so well, the pleasantries that persuade others to ignore personal faults. The more involved the web that has caught him becomes, the more vociferously he asserts his personal responsibility. And behind it all is the arrogance of the man who has always had to fight: 'I cannot admit inferiority,' he writes in his diary. 'It is an essential to my present poise that I should be supreme in intellect over anyone I meet.'

The chief character in Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's novel, Robert Nisbet, is less sure of himself. Coming from a well-to-do Scottish family, he has not had to waste so much time as George in making himself acceptable in intelligent society. But he also has his struggle, though not with his fellow-men. While in Paris he realised that he was in love with Mairi, a university student he had met in Edinburgh. On returning he finds that Mairi has been killed in an accident. From thenceforth he is possessed by the idea of Mairi, by the image of her he has created in his mind. He discovers that she had lived for a period with a friend of his, Ewen McNish, and had also been the mistress of a university lecturer, Ron Brown. Each of these men realises that he has known a remarkable woman, remarkable not so much for her intelligence as for her faith and serenity. Ewen becomes a Catholic (Mairi had been one) and Robert follows suit. Ron, however, feels that his personal inadequacy has been revealed by his contact with her, and is driven insane by the pricking of his conscience, which no rational solution can satisfy. This is an extremely sensitive piece of work, hinging on a chance remark of Mairi's: 'where there's no love there's no truth.' Robert and Ewen, sensing the spiritual beauty of Mairi, determine to make of life a search for love, *caritas*. I have only one dispute with the telling of this tale. There is a constant alternation between conversation of a very high philosophical level and patches of narrative told with considerable verve and pace.

If you can stand the first forty pages of *Chrysantha*, a first novel, you will find yourself on to a good thing. It opens with an irritating kind of feminine humour which always makes me squirm: ponderous naïvété masked by kittenishness. Then, surprisingly, it develops into what is fundamentally a serious description of poltergeist phenomena and the effects upon two young lovers. This is something that women during this century have made especially their field—the exploration of marginal experience that you find in Stevie Smith and Rachel Ferguson and some of Margaret Irwin, though the most successful venture remains Mr. De La Mare's *The Return*. Miss Drake is extremely efficient in building up a charged atmosphere with exactly the right amount of hint and suggestion. And that is the prime essential for this kind of work.

JOHN ATKINS

LONDON ECHOING

By James Bone. *Jonathan Cape.* 18s.

The power to see themselves as others see them is granted to comparatively few individuals; and that is fortunate, perhaps, for such a faculty is likely to be uncomfortable and even numbing. (*Gnothi seauton*, said the Greeks—know thyself! But that is another matter.) This happy inability applies not only to individuals but to communities of individuals. We find that it takes a Joseph Conrad to have a really clear insight into the English character; a Henry James to embody in complex art the infinite subtleties of English society; a T. S. Eliot to see the whole form of the tradition of English poetry, and also to wield the most decisive chisel of the century. Such men come from abroad, not only to observe and analyse and describe, but also to fertilise. A man of such quality, in the field of journalism, is James Bone, a remarkable member of a remarkable Scottish family; and it is to him and to his brother, Sir Muirhead, Glasgow men, that Londoners turn when they wish to refresh their vision of their city. Who is likely to forget James Bone's masterly essay, in *The London Perambulator*, on Portland stone, that fascinating product of the sea and of time, which, above all other factors, gives London its peculiar visual character? Now we have at last, after twenty-three years, the companion volume to the *Perambulator*, and this also is enriched by Sir Muirhead's fine, evocative drawings. These reminiscences are plucked from a memory of London fifty years deep; they come up shining—sometimes with indignation, as when the author discusses the small regard that Londoners themselves have for many of their treasures. He would not have familiarity breeding contempt. He begins an essay on the Adelphi:

'Londoners have a way of staging a tremendous fuss over a nonsensical loss such as the departure of the elderly elephant Jumbo to America or such matters as the sale of a secondary Rembrandt to a country that has few and not rumpling a hair over the dispersal of its fleet of river steamers or the continual exile of Wren's Temple Bar to the country, or the destruction and disfiguring of the Temple trees by a Temple Committee whose conscience may have been troubling them because they had not the forethought to remove the great Crusader effigies from their Church and so they were destroyed in the blitz.'

Or listen to him describe the transformation of a great hotel in the Strand into a 'Business barracks':

'It seemed an uneconomical use of one of the best spectacular sites in Europe with its great view up the river to Westminster Abbey and down the river to St. Paul's, a place surely destined for the leisure hours of Londoners and the delight of tourists, a Venetian balcony of London! Even so, it was handed over to be a big business barracks of busy clerks and managers with their heads over ledgers and files. And at night when the view of that blue nocturne, London river and the odd and picturesque south bank, is spread before the Cecil's successor, there is no one there to see it—only drawn blinds or empty windows!'

Yes, it is a delightful book, and it is a pity that it has no index.

IAIN HAMILTON

WHY ABSTRACT?

By Hilaire Hiler, Henry Miller and William Saroyan. *Falcon Press.* 8s. 6d.

This book is an extended letter. It was written by an American artist to a friend who asked him why he paints as he does. To the original letter are added a couple of short comments from Miller (stimulating as always) and Saroyan, but it is Hiler himself who makes his own case. He explains, more intelligently than any previous critic or painter whose work I have seen, the motives and intentions which caused him to adopt the 'abstract' technique of painting—he does this without condescending or lecturing: he explains what he means by abstract art, and why he finds it more worth his while than direct realism.

This is, in itself, something of an achievement. The change in the direction of art towards abstraction is many years old—audiences are growing up who like experimental work for its own sake, but the work of explaining is still worthwhile. Hiler does it admirably, and with none of the bumptiousness of a painter barking his own ideas: he obviously regards the audience as a co-operative part of the business of painting, and his sincere and personal statement will serve the cause of other less articulate artists who can explain themselves only in paint. The book was printed in Holland, and looks well, though not knowing Hiler's paintings, I wish he had given us reproductions in monochrome at least.

ALEX COMFORT

Some Books Received

BEEBE, William. BOOK OF BAYS. *The Bodley Head.* 15s.

An eminent zoologist and author of delightful travel books, Dr. Beebe has now produced this beautifully illustrated Book of Bays, *which include all those along the coasts of Lower California, Mexico, Central America and Colombia. The photographs and drawings are done by members of the expedition.*

THE CHURCH AND THE INTERNATIONAL DISORDER. *Student Christian Movement Press.* 12s. 6d.

An ecumenical study prepared under the auspices of the World Council of Churches.

CHURCH, Richard. BRITISH AUTHORS. *Longmans.* 8s. 6d.

A collection of word-portraits of over fifty distinguished modern British authors, including poets, dramatists, historians and scientists, originally chosen on the basis of overseas sales. A useful annotated guide for the reader abroad, compiled by a distinguished poet, novelist and critic.

GRIGSON, Geoffrey. AN ENGLISH FARMHOUSE. *Max Parrish & Co. Ltd.* 21s.

The author, an artist and a photographer combine to make this a beautiful production (with four-colour photogravure illustrations).

KEYSERLINGK, Robert Wendelin. UNFINISHED HISTORY. *Robert Hale.* 12s. 6d.

Count Keyserlingk, nephew of the famous philosopher Count Hermann Keyserlingk, who has lived and worked in many countries and among men conditioned by vastly different social processes, has written this illuminating book, the aim of which is to illustrate history in terms of the individual. It is an attempt to show in concrete terms of one family and one man the sweep of social, political and economic change that has surged over the world in the last forty years, and to analyse the cause of these changes.

MANSERGH, Nicholas. THE COMMONWEALTH AND THE NATIONS. *Royal Institute of International Affairs.* 8s. 6d.

In this collection of essays, the author examines the vast changes in the construction and character of the Commonwealth, their implications and possible consequences.

THE OPENING OF AN ERA: 1848. *Allan Wingate.* 21s.

An historical Symposium edited by François Fetjö, with an Introduction by A. J. P. Taylor. The symposium is composed of eighteen chapters by leading historians, each writer a specialist in his subject. It deals with the repercussions of the 1848 revolutions in the countries of Europe and the U.S.A. The detailed and balanced picture of this important period will be invaluable to all students of modern history.

PAUL, Leslie. HERON LAKE. *Batchworth Press.* 12s. 6d.

This is a tender, sensitive book—a diary of the countryside in Norfolk for a year during the war when the author found himself an army sergeant on a Norfolk estate. It portrays country folk and the country way of life—bird migration, swan-battles, etc. The delightful wood-engravings are done by Guy Worsdell.

POPE-HENNESSY, Una. CANON CHARLES KINGSLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 18s.

A vivid portrait of the author of Westward Ho ! *and* The Water Babies, *with many new sidelights on the contradictions of character revealed in his life and works.*

REDWOOD, Hugh. BRISTOL FASHION. *Latimer House.* 15s.

Mr. Redwood, as journalist and evangelist, in this autobiography deals with his life's work and interests—from his boyhood days in Bristol to his present position as Religious Editor of the News Chronicle.

SCOTT FITZGERALD, F. THIS SIDE OF PARADISE. *Grey Walls Press.* 8s. 6d.

This was the first novel from the pen of the distinguished American writer. In it he tells the story of an American adolescent between the two wars and colours that period with his own exceptional skill.

SPENCER, Cornelia. THE MISSIONARY. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

Cornelia Spencer is the sister of Pearl Buck and, like her, has a long experience of China and its varied peoples. Here she tells the story of Daniel Neal, who is engaged on missionary work in a little town on the border of the Communist-controlled region in China, written with a warm sympathy and deep understanding.

STOREY, Alan. ARABESQUES. *Newman Wolsey.* 12s. 6d.

Two hundred years of ballet history, surveyed from the time of Lulli to the present day, with comprehensive chapters on the English Masque and on Noverre.

WAYNE, Jenifer. THIS IS THE LAW. *Sylvan Press.* 10s. 6d.

An adaptation in book form of a popular B.B.C. programme.

WELLES, Winifred. THE LOST LANDSCAPE. *Grey Walls Press.* 10s. 6d.

Some memories of a family and a town in Connecticut, 1695–1906, drawn by the author from tales of her ancestors and her own recollections, sensitively written.

YONGE, Charlotte M. COUNTESS KATE. *Faber & Faber.* 10s. 6d.

A new edition of this book, first published a few years after the Indian Mutiny, with delightful illustrations by Mrs. Raverat.

Cross-Section

OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

Europe Recovers

THE first annual recovery programme, which Mr. Harriman called 'a plan of great skill for a campaign of great hope', tells how Europe expects to progress towards recovery in the year ending next 30 June. It includes the use of $4,875,000,000 in American aid and $564,700,000 worth of European credits.

On the European side it sets forth production targets for the year ahead. Compared with 1947, Europe is to increase its bread-grain production 45 per cent, its coarse grain production 12 per cent, its beet sugar output 26 per cent, and its oil-cake and meal production 45 per cent.

50 PER CENT MORE STEEL

In industry, coal output is to be advanced 13.7 per cent to an output level of 420,000,000 tons. Metallurgical coke output is to go up 32 per cent to a figure of 43,000,000 tons for the year. As a result, the production of pig-iron is to be advanced 68 per cent. Crude steel output will move up 50 per cent. With more steel, France and Great Britain expect to turn out 50 per cent more machinery, by value, this year than they did before the war.

25 PER CENT MORE TRADE

Trade as a whole is to increase 25 per cent from $5,800,000,000 to more than $8,000,000,000. The result is to be a slightly better standard of living for the Marshall Plan countries, but it still will be below the pre-war level.

The plan declares that the dollar and gold deficit for the year 1948–9 will be less than $6,000,000,000. That is a 25 per cent cut from last year's figure of $8,000,000,000. Most of this year's deficit will be covered by the Marshall Plan.

New York Herald Tribune

Russia Protests

NOT only the mass of the people in Western Europe but hardheaded business men, too, are coming to realise how disastrous is the reactionary policy of splitting Europe. The fact is that this is a suicidal policy which strikes first and foremost at the West-European countries. Politicians who try to throw an economic blockade around Eastern Europe only succeed in cutting off their countries from dependable food and raw material supplies and profitable markets. The result is the growing dependence of Western Europe on supplies from across the Atlantic. Britain, France, Italy and the other countries that have hitched themselves to the Marshall programme are paying exorbitant. prices for American food, fuel and other goods. And the real cost of American 'aid' cannot be expressed in terms of dollars or any other currency, for on top of everything else, the West-European countries are paying with their economic independence and national sovereignty for supplies received from the United States.

A graphic illustration of their deplorable economic position is the situation in the European coal market. Europe, which for centuries was the main coal producer of the world, which supplied fuel to the Middle East, North Africa and Latin America and coaled the ships of all nations, has now been put on a scant coal ration by the American manufacturers and bankers. She is having to pay for American coal at least three times as much as her own would cost if the principal fields were worked normally. American coal was never capable of holding its own in the world market, as the long haulage from the mines to the seaboard doubled costs. And if you add the expenses for shipment by sea, it becomes clear what a crushing burden has been imposed on the industry, transport and power plants of the West-European countries, which have been switched to imported American coal.

Pravda, Moscow

French Objections

EVERY effort should be made to find means of modifying the rigidity of a partition of Germany. It may be impossible now to reconstitute completely quadripartite control of Germany; and, if the Western Powers intend (as apparently they do) to go forward with their plan for a capital in Frankfurt, they must recognise that they can offer no logical objection to the existence, under virtually exclusive Russian influence, of an Eastern capital in Berlin.

Economically, however, the two halves of a divided Germany must continue to be largely interdependent. And, for planning purposes, there is an obvious case for Russian participation in the control of the Ruhr, just as there is an equally strong case for participation by the Western Powers in the development of industrial Saxony.

It would, of course, be intolerable if the Soviet Union were to claim the right to sabotage by veto any industrial rehabilitation of Western Germany on the ground that it would be a menace to her security; and decisions in the Ruhr Control would have to be by the majority vote already accepted by the three Western Powers. But the presence of Russian and French representatives in the Control would surely be sufficient to ensure that none of the resources of the Ruhr were employed in the manufacture of material for military use; and the Russians cannot ignore the fact that all the satellite members of the Eastern bloc are keenly aware of the difficulties put in the way of their own reconstruction plans by their inability to obtain at present adequate supplies of German steel and machinery.

It is unrealistic to suppose that—except as part of a wider settlement which may be possible later—any final agreement on the whole problem of Germany can be reached this autumn by the Four Powers. But if an 'agreement to disagree', based on the provisional partitioning of the Reich, could be softened by even a limited co-operation in economic planning, a genuine breathing space might be secured. That would in itself be no mean gain. *Populaire*, Paris

U.S. Military Adventures

THE Marshallisation of the French military system is only one link in the huge plot being spun by Bevin, Blum and Spaak under the guidance of American banking magnates. Ten years ago, the French ruling circles, prompted by fear of the popular movement, called to power Daladier and Bonnet, Petain and Laval. Today, the same fear prompts the policy of Blum and their accomplices. At the London conference, French diplomacy yielded on every point in the German problem. Bidault followed in the footsteps of Hitler's bootlicker, Laval. The elaboration of plans, of course—and especially of such rabid plans as those of the New York business men who have suddenly developed a taste for 'politics on a world scale'—is a far cry from putting them into effect. Europe in 1948 differs essentially from the Europe of 1938.

The American-directed policy of military adventures is causing grave damage to the countries of Western Europe, hindering their rehabilitation, diverting forces from the urgent tasks of their national economies, and creating an atmosphere of tension. Today, more than ever before, must the spotlight of democratic public opinion be turned relentlessly upon the shady and ominous dealings of those who are spinning ever new plots against peace and democracy.

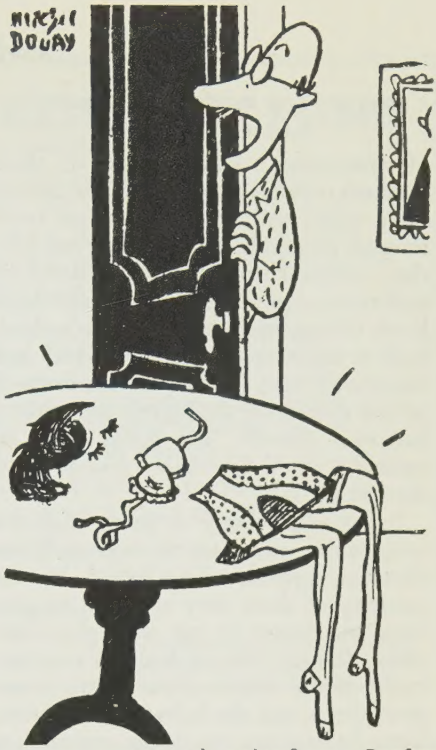
Pravda, Moscow

The Invention of Suspenders

It is seldom that an invention is the sole work of one individual, and the stocking suspender is no exception to this rule. The tracing of attempts to achieve the final result is a fascinating business. In general, garters, either above or below the knee, were in use until the last quarter of the nineteenth century. In 1877 the first patent was taken out for a simple harness-like contrivance hanging from the shoulders, to which the stockings were fastened. This was followed in 1885 by a similar patent and in 1886 by another, differing only in detail from each other. All these devices relied on some sort of clips to grip the stockings, though a V-shaped plate had been invented in 1878 through which part of the stocking top was pulled, twisted and gripped by the bottom of the Vee.

In 1886 came a new departure—a separate waist belt with four suspenders. The stocking attachments consisted of 'a sheet metal plate having a large opening of keyhole shape, whilst on a separate strap is a plate with a button.' The familiar suspender fastening had been invented at last!

Corsetry and Underwear



ES-TU LÀ, CHÉRIE? *Carrefour*

BREATHE... Put a Vapex Inhalant. drop on your handkerchief each morning. A drop on your pillow at night gives protection and comfort while you sleep.

BREATHE... The new Vapex Inhaler is convenient, unobtrusive and effective for outdoor use. Simply pull off the cap. Easily re-charged from Standard Vapex bottle

RUB IN... Vapex-Volatol for Chest Colds A stimulating ointment-liniment—warming, soothing, penetrating Non-greasy does not stain skin or clothing. Ideal for children's colds.

V239

STOP THAT COLD WITH

VAPEX

Breathe the vapour 1 from your handkerchief-or 2 from the Vapex Inhaler—and 3 rub your chest with VAPEX - VOLATOL

Of all Chemists

Vapex 2/6 Inhaler 1/3 Vapex-Volatol 1/9

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD ENGLAND.

WHY NOT A DIRECTORS' UNION?

(continued from page 39)

of instruments, sold enough of their products overseas to buy our sugar rations for a year. And so one could go on—through chemicals, radio, pottery and fireclay, electrical machinery, even down to such trivia as pins . . . all setting new high levels of exports to speed Britain's climb back to that standard of living which had become by 1939 (entirely on the fruits of private enterprise) the highest the country had ever known. The public must be reminded of all this—but it cannot all be done in one day.

It has taken thirty or more years for socialisation advocates to win sufficient electoral support, even helped by the passivity of those they attacked, to give them the power to put their plans into effect. It may take as long to convince voters of the virtues of the private enterprise system and the faults of socialisation. Since its enemies cannot be expected to stand by silently while the reverse process is in action, private enterprise may find it takes more than one generation. Short of national economic chaos, which might plunge us into Communism followed by a violent reaction to the natural conditions of capitalism, the road out of socialisation may be very long.

The sooner we unite in something approaching a directors' and employers' union, the sooner the defensive action will begin. How such a union should operate is a matter to be worked out.

Perhaps this union, representing one sectional interest in the way that a boilermakers' union speaks for another sectional interest, could apply for membership of the T.U.C.! With 100 per cent membership of all qualified company officers, the union's delegates could bring weight in a card vote sufficient to have a marked influence on T.U.C. policy. Since state industrial boards tend to turn trade unionists into directors and employers, there might be some poetic justice in a situation of the type I have visualised.

I herewith beg to apply . . .

(true copy of applicant's letter)

Dear Sir,

Confident, somehow, of your helpful disposition, I wonder whether you would kindly give me cause to be truly grateful by some concrete advice, if possible as to the people who in your opinion are likely to become interested in the wide, unusually versatile and useful services—part-time—I should prove in a good position to give and dependably, foremost by:

A.— Ability to introduce constructive suggestions and worthwhile CONCRETE particulars for novel/meritorious industrial developments offering tangible advantages for a sound commercial proposition, also suitable for

B.— EXPORTS OVERSEAS wherein I am drawing upon a wide foreign experience of many years with commensurate facilities/connexions in most of the Countries concerned, enabling thereby to

C.— keep Principals closely informed on what is transpiring in given fields of special interests abroad, e.g. providing for PROTOTYPES where needed, etc. comprising such by way of

D.— Patents and Inventions, I have been keeping familiar in all parts.

I am feeling that with the above, I am in a position to implement by the sole control of exceptional facilities, I am offering a service people should be desirous to avail themselves; *still, though I am asking for a moderate to modest weekly retained to Principals own determination* I scarcely ever get a reply to direct letters and or to Advertisements. There must be a reason and I must be doing something wrong.

(The writer is 68, active, in sole control of a small reputable, non mfg business—an Engg. Co. Ltd.—I established 1929 and kept alone since.)

Activities are concerned—and not getting me any forrarder—in technical engineering EXPORTS OVERSEAS and commercialisation for manufacture/sale in this Country of mainly foreign engineering and other developments of merit, offering tangible advantages, as stated overleaf.

Born and educated in Vienna, Austria, I am a British subject by Naturalisation.

P.S. *Since, as I realise, my request for assistance is not easy of fulfilment, could you perhaps advise who could direct me, particularly, since my expectations are strictly within reason?*

Printed in Gt. Britain at The Curwen Press Ltd., Plaistow, London, for the Proprietors, Hulton Press Ltd., 43–44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4, and published by Hulton Press Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Australasia) Ltd.; for South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. Registered for Canadian and Newfoundland Magazine Post.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

(Incorporated by Royal Charter 1939)

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING
President—THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.
Chairman of the Council—PROFESSOR H. R. DEAN, M.D., F.R.C.P.
Hon. Treasurer—SIR HOLBURT WARING, BT., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.
Director—PROFESSOR W. E. GYE, F.R.S.

The Fund was founded in 1902 under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and is governed by representatives of many medical and scientific institutions. It is a centre for research and information on cancer and carries on continuous and systematic investigations in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill. Our knowledge has so increased that the disease is now curable in ever greater numbers.

LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EXTENSION OF OUR WORK

Subscriptions should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Sir Holburt Waring, Bt. at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £.....to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund (Treasurer, Sir Holburt Waring, Bt.) at Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, for the purpose of Scientific Research, and I direct that the Treasurer's receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

THE UNSURPASSED *Library Service*

An unlimited supply of books — the latest books immediately on publication and a wealth of established favourites are yours to choose from at W. H. Smith & Son's library.

And, remember, membership entitles you to change your books as often as you wish at ANY of the 500 library branches.

Take your choice from the following services and join the finest library in England — TODAY !

	12 months	*6 months*	*3 months*
PREFERENTIAL	£3	35/-	-
POSTAL	30/-	17/6	10/6
CLASS "A"	25/-	14/6	9/-
CLASS "B"	12/6	7/-	4/-

Occasional Borrowers *may obtain books for a few pence per week*

Full details gladly given at our local branch or write to the address below

UNLIMITED GOOD READING FOR LESS THAN 4d. A WEEK

W. H. SMITH & SON'S *Library*

2 BRIDGE HOUSE, LAMBETH, LONDON, S.E.1

BALKAN SOBRANIE CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS

THIS ENGLAND... No. 13

Fishing is not every man's folly: it is some folk's wisdom. And good fishermen are usually good smokers who are sufficient unto themselves providing pouch or case is well filled with *Balkan Sobranie*. That float may never bob, there may be never a suggestion of a rise, yet the angler who smokes pure Turkish has had a good day; he is that modern rarity—a man at peace.

SOBRANIE LTD. LONDON. E.C.I.

"PUNCHBOWLE" is my stand-by on all occasions . . ."

From East Africa, sent by a Captain of the Somalia Gendarmerie.

"Having frequently seen in 'Punch' stories "illustrating the World-wide popularity of "your Tobacco, I feel that my own experience "will be of some interest to you.

"Recently, while with a company of the "Somalia Gendarmerie stationed at . . . . "I climbed to the summit of the nearby hill "which was the scene of the last stand of the "Mad Mullah and is his burial-place. Idly "examining the entrenchments at the top of "a sheer cliff, I came across an old and "scratched Tobacco Tin, but, alas, it was "empty. On closer examination, the Tin was "seen to be one of Barneys. Can it have been "the Mad Mullah himself, or possibly one "of his faithful followers, who smoked that "tin? I wonder!

"In the meantime, please let me con- "gratulate you on the excellence of your "'Punchbowle,' which is my stand-by "on all occasions."

TO YOUNGER SMOKERS, EVERYWHERE!

Two generations of Pipemen have been recommending Barneys to other Smokers because of its sheer goodness. Wisely you may follow their friendly lead. Smokers abroad can arrange for regular personal despatches, Ex-Bond and British Duty Free, in 2 lb. parcels, to many lands but not, as yet, to all.

★ **Punchbowle** (*full*), **Barneys** (*medium*), **and Parsons Pleasure** (*mild*), **Home Prices 4/3½d. oz.**

304

Made by John Sinclair Ltd. Newcastle-on-Tyne

QUALIFY FOR A BETTER POST —by Post!

Let the most progressive, most successful College in the world coach you by correspondence. Choose your career or be advised by us. We take a personal interest in all our students and provide the friendly individual training that quickly leads to success. Make the first move NOW—write for free particulars.

CHOOSE YOUR CAREER NOW!

Accountancy Exams.
Applied Mechanics
Auctioneers and Estate Agents
Aviation (Engineering and Wireless)
Banking
Blue Prints
Boilers
Book-keeping Accountancy, and Modern Business Methods
Building, Architecture and Clerk of Works
Cambridge Senior School Certificate
Carpentry and Joinery
Chemistry
Civil Engineering
Civil Service
All Commercial Subjects
Commercial Art
Common Prelim. E.J.E.B.
Concrete and Structural Engineering
Draughtsmanship, All branches
Engineering, All branches, Subjects and Examinations
G.P.O. Eng. Dept.
Heating and Ventilating
Institute of Housing
Journalism
Languages
Mathematics
Matriculation
Metallurgy
Mining. All Subjects
Mining. Electrical Engineering
Motor Engineering
Municipal and County Engineers
Novel Writing
Plastics
Play Writing
Plumbing
Police, Special Course
Press Tool Work
Production Engineering
Pumps and Pumping Machinery
Quantity Surveying—Inst. of Quantity Surveyors Exams.
Radio Service Engineering
Radio Short Wave
Road Making and Maintenance
Salesmanship I.S.M.A.
Sanitation
Secretarial Exams.
Shorthand (Pitman's)
Short Story Writing
Social Welfare
Speaking in Public
Structural Engineering
Teachers of Handicrafts
Telecommunications (City and Guilds)
Television
Transport Inst. Exams.
Viewers, Gaugers, Inspectors
Weights and Measures Inspectors
Welding
Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony
Works Managers

If you do not see your own requirements above, write to us on any subject. Full particulars free.

Direct Mail to Dept. 58

The Bennett College SHEFFIELD LTD

2